HOW TO TALK TO THE ENEMY, BY CHARLES J. ROLO

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY 13 '42

VOL. XXV NO. 28 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS

"PAUL REVERE, AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN"
By Esther Forbes
Reviewed by James Truslow Adams

"THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN TRANSITION 1885-1940"
By William C. Frierson
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"WRITERS IN CRISIS: THE AMERICAN NOVEL BETWEEN TWO WARS"
By Maxwell Geismar
Reviewed by Walter Rideout

"MACARTHUR ON WAR"
Edited by Frank C. Waldrop
Reviewed by Col. R. Ernest Dupuy, G.S.C.

"AMBASSADORS IN WHITE"
By Charles Morrow Wilson
Reviewed by Henry F. Grady

"PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF WAR ON CITIZEN AND SOLDIER"
By R. D. Gillespie, M.D.
Reviewed by Gregory Zilboorg, M.D.

Eric Schaal

ESTHER FORBES (author of "Paul Revere, and the World He Lived In"), wears her learning lightly . . . *(See page 7)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ARE ALL men wild and woolly or tall and tweedy? Migrating female curious. Box 343-G.

MASCULINE MALE will correspond with sincere, genial young woman. Box 344-G.

RESPECTABLE GOVERNMENT GIRL wants letters from Army officers. Box 345-G.

FOR SALE—Adirondack Lodge type house in Stamford Hills, one mile from Merritt Parkway. Twelve acres. Lake. House fully insulated. Oil or coal heating system. Large studio living room with immense sunken fireplace. Five master bedrooms, three baths. Two servants roams, bath. Two two-car garages, one with chauffeur's quarters. View. Fine riding country. $45,000. Box 346-G.

YOUNG COLLEGE WOMAN, tired of routine clerical jobs, desires position requiring intelligence and imagination. Box 347-G.

WANTED: mature correspondents interested in the arts. Box 348-G.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR: rare talents, rich experience, successful record, would like a new job. Box 349-G.

WHAT AM I OFFERED? Young woman, early thirties, forced to close heretofore profitable winter resort guest house, seeks non-servant job in home. Can count calories; balance budget; types tolerably (own typewriter); manager motherless menage. Box 350-G.

CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, college-conditioned seeks thought exchange with green-pasture girl of musical and outdoor devotions. Box 351-G.

SPANISH-RUSSIAN-MUSIC addict, amateur sailor, Kipling memorizer, in Air Corps, asks for letters. Box 352-G.

YOUNG WOMAN, maturing with rapidly diminishing illusions, would hear from interesting man. Box 353-G.

GENTLEWOMAN, refined, discriminating, seeks diverting letter exchange with congenial, refined gentlemen. Interests: music, books, nature, art. Box 354-G.

YOUNG MAN desires research or proofreading experience in New York. Salary inconsequential. Box 355-G.

LIGHT AIRY APARTMENT, three furnished rooms, bath. Frigidaire, Elevator. Under $50 monthly to quiet responsible tenant. Box 356-G.

FEMME, invites letters. Enjoys medicine, music, and mail. Box 357-G.

"TALL TIMBERS" mountain farm. Congenial surroundings for creative work. Always open. Tracy, Laconia, N. H.

BUSINESS LADY will share attractive apartment with several business ladies. Separate studio rooms. Fireplaces, piano. Preferably those who like riding, swimming, or tennis. Reasonable. ENdicott 2-4351.

THE STARS AND YOU. Would you like to learn Astrology, the quick, easy way? Would you like to erect your own Horoscopes and the Horoscopes of your friends? Astro-Scope will teach you how in one evening. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send $1.00. Publishers, Box 21, Lambert Air Field, St. Louis, Missouri.

PERSONALS

OPPORTUNITY FOR LADY with a sense of humor, patience, good educational background to live in romantic bayou country near New Orleans, in refined Southern home as guide, companion, and friend to two small hellions. Good salary besides. Box 359-G.

DRAMATIC TEACHER, M.A., with creative ability wants to affiliate with Little Theatre group. Box 360-G.

YOUNG WOMAN, European background, desires correspondence with mature gentleman, idealistic, nature loving, unsophisticated. Box 361-G.

NARAMORE FARM. Ideally located for restful vacation. August 16—September 20. Particulars. Edith King, Benson, Vermont.

HOME WANTED—Couple with son in seventh grade, former missionaries in India, seek inexpensive rent in or near progressive community. Box 362-G.

HAVE YOU a "Conversation piece" in your home or lodge? If you haven't, then one of my colorful copies of very old American and European maps will fill the bill. Drawn in India ink, painted in oils on yellowed parchment paper, beautifully framed—they are "knockouts." Their curious symbols, figures, old ships, Latin or Dutch printing make these maps irresistible. Small, 20 x 24 inches, from $35; large, 27 x 40 from $65. Only three on hand, so order one now, or one made to your size and color scheme. Mrs. Grineff, 1005 Ridge Road, West, Rochester, New York.

ROOMY, comfortable, completely equipped camp and boathouse on Lake Placid for rent. Six master bedrooms, two baths in main house, two bedrooms and bath in servants' quarters. Swimming, fishing, boating, golf, and tennis. Car unnecessary. A golden opportunity to soothe jangled nerves. Box 340-G.

LIE ABED MORNINGS, tempting meals al fresco, easy-going olden time rural life, with modern comfort. Quaint stone homestead, remote in age and atmosphere—only 100 miles from city. Massive trees, lush foliage, a brook. Farm products galore. The Farm on the Hill, Box 228, Stone Ridge, New York.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all" but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper. Box 50-AD.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

FOR SALE, modern 5-room, one-story home, 2 baths, double garage, 1 acre, shade trees, good water, walking distance of New York Central station, vicinity Bard College, school bus at door, protected view of Catskills across Hudson River, $5,200. C. A. Chapman, Barrytown, Dutchess County, New York. Phone Red Hook 84F2.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio.

DIRECTOR of literary-educational project crippled by war, would like to establish permanent relations with institution where ideas are not at a discount. His experience includes editorial work, teaching, and authorship of published works in the American History field. Box 358-G.

FOR RENT—July 10 to August 10, pleasantly furnished 2-roomed apartment in East Fifties. $40. Linen, gas, electricity inclusive. Box 330-G.

A NICE HOTEL for all men in the Service and their families and with a discount in all departments, rooms, food and so forth. Officers in town for the day only will find a suite set aside for their use where they may rest, read, take a shower or make appointments. No charge unless you require lodging. Hotel Algonquin, 59 West 44th Street, New York City.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

PERSONALS

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful, informal New England farm. Delicious home cooking; pleasant rooms, cottages.

EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT. Take over established practice for duration. Fully equipped office. Fine old Virginia town. Population twelve thousand. Box 363-G.

ARE YOU PSYCHIC? Interested amateur wishes communications from persons having had apparently genuine psychic experiences. Replies strictly confidential. Box 309-G.

SWISS MEADOWS—1,200 feet elevation in the Berkshires. From a 1941 guest's letter: "I wonder if I can convey the intangibles that meant so much for my satisfaction—friendliness, consideration, honesty, insight—to say nothing of beauty, and charm and peace. . . ." Plus swimming, square dancing, games, picnics . . . $30 a week up. Mrs. Cornelia S. Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

"THE BEST IS YET TO BE." Woman will compare notes. Box 365-G.

MASTER OF ARTS, English teacher, wants book reviewing. Experienced. Chicagoan. Box 366-G.

THEATRE. Modern writing. Art historian, now soldier, desires correspondence. Box 367-G.

ENGLISH STEAK AND KIDNEY PIES (25c and 50c); Jellied **Petite Marmite** (45c); Javahead Chutney (137 ingredients) (50c); Steamed Fruit Bread (35c loaf); Brandied Mince Tarts (20c each); York Pork Pies (35c); (7) Fruits in honey and rum (50c and $1.00). Box 368-G.

WANTED—Children to board—month, year. School nearby. Box 369-G.

EXPERT AUTHOR'S TYPING, neat, accurate, on good paper. Box 370-G.

AT SHATTUCK INN nestled 'neath Monadnock Mountain . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals, complete relaxation fill vacation days with contentment. Amiable people. For booklet write G. L. Austermann, JAFFREY, N. H.

THE HUNTSMEN ARE UP in America and the royal poincianas are already blossoming in Coral Gables. Tutor with Harvard graduate for Airforce examinations, with Radcliffe graduate for History, Geopolitics, in a Florida blue patio by the month, week or year. Full particulars: Pease Tutorial, 814 Milan Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida.

FIENDISHLY FOND OF HARD WORK. Phobia uselessness. Genial gregarious feminine dynamo. Author, speaker, experienced publishing production, publicity, radio. Administrative executive. Hours no object. Salary yes. Box 371-G.

BORED, that's it. Intelligent, refined, mature lady seeks inspiration through correspondence with interesting personalities having broad outlook on life and its problems. Interests—Metaphysics, music, art, travel, good humor, and good fun. How about it? Box 364-G.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare Books. Old Books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

(Continued on page 18)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

How to Talk to the Enemy

CHARLES J. ROLO

THE power of words addressed to the enemy has long been recognized by warring nations. In the Middle Ages, scrolls wrapped around arrows were shot into besieged castles. In the Revolutionary War, handbills offering each deserter seven dollars and a farm were smuggled into the British lines. In World War I, propaganda pamphlets were carried across No Man's Land by little balloons, or fired from trench mortars, or dropped from not-too-accurate bombers. President Wilson's Fourteen Points, which undoubtedly hastened the collapse of German resistance, were first conveyed to the enemy by wireless, in Morse code.

Today we can do much better. Our radio transmitters no longer speak in code but in the language of ordinary men and women; their beams travel with the speed of light and know no barriers. We have, too, giant bombers which can range far over enemy territory scattering millions of leaflets in one "raid." Already this country's short-wave broadcasters address to the enemy nations as many words in one month as William Shakespeare wrote in a lifetime, and we know from a variety of sources that many of these words are being listened to. So far there have been but few pamphlet raids, but there will undoubtedly be many before the war is over. In short, the vehicles for communication with the enemy exist, and are relatively effective. But are the words, the ideas, what one Nazi writer has called the "bombs for the mind," which we aim at the enemy—are they effective? Very often they are not.

This is no place to attempt to describe what we are telling the enemy, but the basic flaws in our general approach may be summed up as follows:

1) We are fighting the war of words without a blueprint, without a planning board of grand strategy, both of which the enemy has had for years thanks to Dr. Goebbels and the activities of Haushofer and his geopolitikers. Our propaganda liaison work with our allies is at present extremely sketchy. Even on the home front we lack a unified command; the individual short-wave broadcasters are still fairly free to act on their own initiative and not infrequently do so at cross-purposes—as when for a whole day two major stations broadcast to Europe conflicting versions of the fighting in Burma.

It is high time we recognized that every word projected through space is *an act,* which will hasten or delay the coming of victory. It is high time that we drew up a blueprint of our grand strategy on the battlefront of the mind, and that our short-wave stations began speaking to the enemy, not with several sometimes contradictory voices, but with the voice of the U.S.A.

2) Some of our verbal strategists are still thinking in terms of "straight news," American style, rather than in terms of "persuasion," or, bluntly, propaganda. They have not made a resolute effort to throw overboard the mental baggage of American newspapermen filing objective, up-to-the-minute dispatches for the folks at home, and to face up to the fact that they are propagandists whose job it is to fight the war with words. They have transported, wholesale, the conventions and prejudices of the newsroom into their new habitat—the laboratory of psychological warfare.

Perhaps the main reason for this unfortunate state of affairs is the democratic phobia of the word "propaganda," which many of us unconsciously identify with the unsavory products of the Goebbels Hate-and-Lie Factory. When we talk of propaganda, we are in fact thinking of totalitarian propaganda. We must remind ourselves that the term "propaganda" was first used in the evangelical sense and meant "Propagation of the Faith." Today we are faced with the imperative need of waging an ideological crusade. Propaganda for Democracy—an aggressive, impassioned affirmation of the values of our way of life—is as necessary for victory as planes and dive bombers. And while "news" may be a useful weapon in our foreign propaganda arsenal, it is not the only weapon and probably not the most effective one.

Furthermore, our conception of what constitutes news "over there" needs to be completely overhauled. The credo of many of our verbal strategists may be roughly summed up as follows: "The No. 1 drawing card of U. S. broadcasts to Europe is their reputation for truthfulness,

News desk of the National Broadcasting Company's International Division.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, in turn, is derived from their objectivity. The Europeans listen to us because they are sick and tired of propaganda. We will be sacrificing our greatest asset if we ape the methods of the Axis." This plausible argument rests on a false major premise and a series of *non sequiturs*. The No. 1 drawing card of American and British broadcasts is the fact that they are American and British broadcasts. The Germans (and Italians) are sick to death not of propaganda in general but of *their own* official propaganda. They are conscious of being shut off from the rest of the world by a rigid censorship, and want to hear what "the other fellow" has to say. The fact that listening to foreign voices is *strengst verboten* tends to sharpen their curiosity. No doubt, too, our broadcasts have acquired a reputation for greater truthfulness than those of the Axis stations. (We flatter ourselves if we imagine that the enemy believes our every word). But "objectivity" has little or nothing to do with this reputation for truthfulness, because—and this is the point Americans lose sight of—our particular notion of "objectivity" is not shared by the enemy or by the peoples of Europe. It is not *our* tradition of journalism but the tradition of journalism in the country we are addressing that counts; and "objective" journalism has never flourished in Europe as it has in these United States. Most Europeans are perversely unaware of any clearly defined line of demarcation between the lily-white realm of news and the Stygian fields of propaganda. When they tune in to New York, Boston, or Cincinnati, they do so expecting to hear "American propaganda."

It does not, therefore, help our cause to rebroadcast unedited (as has been done), Vichy reports of how French "terrorists" or "Communists and Jews" have "assassinated" German officers and are being "hunted by the authorities." What must our friends in Europe think of us when, because of out-dated habits which still lead us to treat enemy propaganda as (in some sense) news, we talk as if only "Communists and Jews" were resisting Nazi rule in Europe? We should, obviously, talk of French (or Czech, Polish, Norwegian, etc.) "patriots," who have "executed" Nazi "criminals" and have "escaped from Himmler's hangmen." We should purge every report from neutral or enemy sources of its Axis propaganda content and rephrase it in accordance with our own propaganda objectives.

Our fetish for sticking to the canons of American journalism in our short-wave activities has caused us to resort to absurd and wholly unnecessary strategems when talking to the enemy. Thus it has been taboo to say: "Feeling against the rat Laval is growing throughout unoccupied France," but quite permissible to report: "The *Dayton Sentinel* observes that 'feeling against the rat Laval . . .'" etc. As if the name of any newspaper in the world carried more weight among the Germans than the voice of the United States at the microphone!

To sum up, we must acknowledge that "news" is not the highly specialized commodity received through certain conventional channels or printed in American newspapers, but anything and everything that bears upon the hopes, the fears, and the future of the people we are addressing.

One American short-wave station, as Elmer Davis recently pointed out in these pages, sports a placard in its newsroom which asks: "Is what you are writing worth a man's risking his life to listen to?" If the broadcasters of this and other stations were guided by that admirable criterion, much of the so-called news we send to Europe would be scrapped without a second thought. In this light there is as much *live* news to be found in a conversation between Americans as in an official announcement, in history books as in headlines, in the lessons of Yesterday as in today's ticker tape.

3) We have neglected the most potent of appeals—the appeal to the emotions, which has been brought to a fine art and most profitably exploited by our own national advertisers. If the principles followed by our top-notch advertising copywriters were systematically applied in our propaganda to the enemy, its caliber would gain considerably in effectiveness. We are all sound and too little fury. Facts and figures are excellent for those who are impressed with facts and figures, but knowledge of the prospective customer is the first rule in any going concern. Every alert business man or advertiser studies his "market"—if he wants to keep it.

4) Our failure to study carefully the component parts of our audience has had several unfortunate results, of which two stand out. To begin with, one of our main strategies has been to incite the people "over there" to revolt against their wicked leaders. But "the people over there" lack the means to revolt. Secondly, we have not devoted sufficient attention to an all-important minority among our short-wave listeners—the official caste, the high-ranking military chiefs, and the army and navy officers of the enemy countries. We do know beyond a shadow of doubt that these enemy leaders are assiduous listeners.

Furthermore, only a few of our

(*Continued on page* 15)

THIS WEEK

Article

PAGE

How to Talk to the Enemy
By Charles J. Rolo 3

Reviews

The English Novel in Transition 1885-1940
By William C. Frierson
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 5

Writers in Crisis: The American Novel between Two Wars
By Maxwell Geismar
Reviewed by Walter Rideout 5

Gentle Annie
By MacKinlay Kantor
Reviewed by William Rose Benét 6

Paul Revere, and the World He Lived In
By Esther Forbes
Reviewed by James Truslow Adams 7

MacArthur on War
Edited by Frank C. Waldrop
Reviewed by Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy 8

The Face of South America
By John Lyon Rich
Reviewed by Hubert Herring 8

Ambassadors in White
By Charles Morrow Wilson
Reviewed by Henry F. Grady 9

The Sea-Gull Cry
By Robert Nathan
Reviewed by George Dangerfield 12

Village of Glass
By Frances Frost
Reviewed by Bess Jones 12

Fiddle Longspay
By Warren Bledsoe
Reviewed by Amy Loveman 12

Psychological Effects of War on Citizen and Soldier
By R. D. Gillespie, M.D.
Reviewed by Gregory Zilboorg, M.D. 13

Confound the Wise
By Nicholas Callas
Reviewed by Richard Aldington 14

Departments

Editorial 10
Letters to the Editor 11
Your Literary I.Q. 14
The Criminal Record 16
The Phoenix Nest
By William Rose Benét 17
Double-Crostics: No. 433 19
Double-Crostics Club 19
Trade Winds
By Bennett Cerf 20

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; Anthony Passaretti, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 28. July 11, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature in Transition

THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN TRANSITION 1885-1940. *By William C. Frierson. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.* 1942. 333 *pp., and index.* $8.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WERE it not for the dates—1885-1940—Mr. Frierson's book might, from its title, be a study of the English novel at any period. The novel is always in transition; and only our closeness to the object makes recent changes seem more startling than earlier ones. Geoffrey Chaucer is the father of English fiction, and in his great tales can be found a rich variety, both of subject and treatment. Prose fiction from the beginning is pleasantly heterogeneous—witness "Euphues," "Jack Wilton," and "Arcadia." Go on a little further, and there is a variousness quite as noticeable as any that can be found in the fiction considered in this book. "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Clarissa," "Tristram Shandy" are as diverse as "The Good Companions," "Jacob's Room," "The Fountain," "Pointed Roofs," and "Ulysses." "Something," Arnold Bennett once complained, "is always happening to that damn thing, the novel: it will not stay shut." The novel is the expanding trunk of literature.

Mr. Frierson's study covers a period when some novelists, many of great talent, tried to stabilize the form of the novel. The impetus came from France: some fine work was produced, notably by George Moore, Joseph Conrad, Charles Marriott (who is among Mr. Frierson's extraordinary omissions), Hubert Crackenthorpe, and Arnold Bennett. Two things were desired: one to "objectify" the novel, the other to achieve that objectivity by narration at one or even two removes. In this second task only Conrad succeeded superbly; even he, however, did not, could not succeed in that fantastic suppression of the author which had been the aim of some of the French naturalists. In his analysis of the influence of French naturalism Mr. Frierson rather confuses method with matter. Of course the influence on such authors as George Moore, Hubert Crackanthorpe, George Egerton, Arthur Morrison, and Ella D'Arcy is obvious enough; but, while he must be congratulated on the emphasis he gives to Kipling's "Badalia Herodsfoot," Mr. Frierson ignores the fact that, in the realm of the short story, Kipling in "Plain Tales," Quiller-Couch in various volumes were much better disciples of Maupassant than authors who thought that a mere interest in subjects then normally avoided made them naturalists. Mr. Frierson—whose taste in literature is sadly displayed by his preference for the sentimental, melodramatic "A Mummer's Wife" over "Esther Waters"—ignores altogether the novel which was, with "Esther Waters," the most successful effort in the French manner, George Douglas's "The House with the Green Shutters."

The chief faults of Mr. Frierson's study are an insufficient acquaintance with his material, and a refusal or inability to distinguish between novelty of presentation and novelty of content in fiction. Mr. H. G. Wells, in many

—*Pack Bros.*

Maxwell Geismar

fantasies, for instance, and, among younger authors, Olaf Stapledon and E. R. Eddison (both unmentioned by Mr. Frierson), have written books novel in content; James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and to some extent D. H. Lawrence are innovators only in presentation. Mr. Frierson is far too apt to confuse this with a genuine radicalism of idea: nothing else can explain his astonishing statement "that the Victorian novel was Tory—omitting Dickens of course. By 'Tory' I mean socially conservative . . . " Charles Reade a Tory! Reade author of "Hard Cash," "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and "Put Yourself in His Place!" Charlotte Bronte a Tory! The author of "Jane Eyre" one who treated "with respect and mostly with admiration the dear and proper gradations of society!" There is little of the Tory in Mrs. Gaskell of "Mary Barton" and "North and South"; or in Mark Rutherford (ignored by Mr. Frierson); or even in Disraeli of "Sybil." The distinction is far too glib; and certainly the proper Tories of the period found

(*Continued on page* 18)

WRITERS IN CRISIS: THE AMERICAN NOVEL BETWEEN TWO WARS. By Maxwell Geismar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 299 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER RIDEOUT

FOR two years now we have been awaiting a much needed synthetic interpretation of the literature of the nineteen-thirties, that decade when the American literary renaissance came to its fullest fruition. We are still waiting, for "Writers in Crisis" is not that book. Between the misinterpretation of Ring Lardner in Chapter One and that of Dostoievsky on page 290 (for Dostoievsky can scarcely be equated with his Grand Inquisitor) there is little which is new and considerable which is false; for the chapter on Hemingway is full of contradictions, that on Dos Passos is just plain wrong-headed, and the remaining ones on Faulkner, Wolfe, and Steinbeck do not elucidate the work of these men beyond what lies ready to hand for any intelligent reader.

In order to set up a devil-angel antithesis of the twenties and the thirties Mr. Geismar deliberately attempts to turn Ring Lardner into a giant in chains, a twentieth century Swift among the Yahoos, though admitting that he did not have Swift's understanding of the cultural framework of his day. Exaggerating Lardner's bitterness into savage indignation, this critic fails to remember the man's immense fund of hilarious good humor. He can even put forward solemnly as evidence of Lardner's "puritanism" the short story "The Golden Honeymoon." This, it seems, is really Lardner's idea of "A story with 'sex appeal'."

> And in this chronicle of U.S.A.'s aged "Mr.," elaborating in his senility the traits which hardly graced his maturity, the sexual impulses are conspicuously absent.

At the age of seventy-odd, one can hardly expect the earth to move frequently. Someone should let Mr. Geismar in on the secret that Lardner is a humorist, not a confused but cosmic ironist from Long Island.

In the chapter on Hemingway we again find this penchant of the author's for beating facts over the head until they get into line; we also meet with out-and-out contradictions. For instance, we are informed, in the apostrophic manner habitual to this teacher of creative writing, that "The Sun Also Rises" is "real": "What portrait of the 'lost generation' is more

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convincing, eloquent, accurate, full of sympathy which does not soften its perceptions?" That, minus the ecstasy, is generally accepted as true; yet within two pages our critic concludes that "The Sun Also Rises" is not "objective" but "subjective," that it tells about Hemingway and not about the Lost Generation, that the only thing wrong with it is that it "is not like life."

Joseph Warren Beach in his "American Fiction" has carefully and actually traced the continued development in Hemingway of a quality which Mr. Geismar ignores until he has a place for it in line—the concern with morality, his attempt to find an ethic by which men might live. This concern openly appears at least as early as "The Sun Also Rises" and makes "A Farewell to Arms" of far more importance to an understanding of Hemingway's development than Mr. Geismar's one page discussion of it would indicate. Hemingway's early, as well as his later, literary career was not an attempt to find nada, but rather a constant search for a *cogito ergo sum,* a *sentio ergo sum* at least, upon which a man could build his life.

But if the misinterpretations of Lardner and of Hemingway are flagrant, that of Dos Passos is almost flagitious. Viewed upside down, Mr. Geismar's greatest achievement is his successful attempt to squeak through an extended discussion of "U.S.A." with only one reference, and that little more than an off-hand one, to Thorstein Veblen; for, by his own word, it is to Veblen that Dos Passos owes the structure of his economic thought, a fairly important fact which some critics and all Communists never understood. Hence the conclusion reached in this chapter, that Dos Passos's radicalism is (1) Mediterranean and (2) Marxian, is wholly fallacious. Dos Passos is and has been as American as Thomas Wolfe, his economic thought being drawn from an American economist.

No one who has read "U.S.A." carefully could think that Dos Passos had a ticket on the Moscow Express. His attacks have been made as an American against those who have despoiled his country of her birthright. He has always hopes to

> rebuild the ruined words worn slimy in the mouths of lawyers districtattorneys collegepresidents judges
> without the old words the immigrants haters of oppression brought to Plymouth how can you know who are your betrayers America

In that purpose he has consistently and bravely remained. To suggest, as Mr. Geismar does, that in Dos Passos himself we may find the "failure of nerve" found in the characters of his early books would be an insult if it were not based on complete misunderstanding.

To do Mr. Geismar justice he is sincerely concerned with the two crises which give his book its title, the Great Thirties Depression and the armed march of Fascism, but he himself is faced with a minor crisis of his own. He must examine closely the ground he stands on, including the value on that Neo-Euphuistic style he uses. (This style, which is now abroad in the land, makes each of its users strive to be of greater intensity than his fellows. Who now, except students of literature, knows *Festus?*) Unless he can learn to interpret facts according to their importance, massing them with an eye to accuracy rather than to neatness of pattern, he is going to be wasting a lot of time in writing that projected study of the literature of the twenties announced on the book jacket.

The Gosses of Oklahoma

GENTLE ANNIE. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 249 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. KANTOR is a vivid writer of fiction, with a sentimental nostalgia for old America. He likes what Frederic Remington once called "men with the bark on." He has now done a rapid-fire story of a railroad detective and marshal tracking down some train-robbers in the Oklahoma of the beginning of the century. The detective falls in love with the train-robbers, and with their mother, and with the girl they befriend, a certain likable Annie Lingen from nowhere, with no particular character, who gives us the title of the story.

It is all extremely readable, and there is lots of gun-play. The publishers' ballyhoo on the jacket includes favorable opinions from booksellers (to sell other booksellers) and the announcement that "three major Hollywood studios were bidding frantically for the right to film this book, even before its publication." This is inclined to irritate the critic and to distract one from the fact that the book is just a capable and effective action-story of the comparatively old west, with a Robin Hood complex, but a good deal that seems psychologically astute concerning the irresponsibility of the Western bandit. The Gosses, who robbed trains, are, of course, made much more likable than the slimy Tatums and the venal sheriff. "A story of wild coyotes which had never been trapped—of Oklahoma chicken-hawks that liked to fly according to their own whimsy," that was the story of the Gosses, sentimentally says the author. Because they were "untamed," he loves them, and the railroad-detective narrator loved them, and "Gentle Annie" kissed them all around. And then they revealed a most remarkable cache of "shinplasters" up in the old buffalo wallow on the ridge. The Goss boys were two of the shootin'est boys in that part of the country. They and their mother are made quite real.

MacKinlay Kantor

This is a good yarn—even if, just occasionally, it goes too "literary." I do not doubt the accuracy of its detail. The story opens just after McKinley's assassination, my own United States being quite different at that time, for I was a boy in Buffalo, N. Y. when Czogolsz killed the President on his visit to the Pan-American Exposition. To think that, at that time, Kite's Cafe and Cookson's Bar were doing business out in Pahoka City! Years later when I visited Oklahoma City and Tulsa, those Metropoli had become almost effete.

Barbed wire long ago ended Mr. Kantor's West. But I suppose that every American male secretly cherishes its lawlessness, and at least *thinks* he hankers for the days when everyone was quick on the draw. Mr. Kantor is a good historian of it, somewhat in the tradition of that Owen Wister who wrote "The Virginian." Though it may not be out of order at this point to recall to you a Nebraskan cowboy and narrator, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, who could certainly write Western prose about the punchers of cattle. Look up *his* stories sometime—about trusty knaves! The Movies ought to.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Paul Revere

PAUL REVERE, AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN. By Esther Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1942. 510 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

PROBABLY nine out of ten persons, at least of those brought up in even a moderately bookish atmosphere and past the age of the young generation, when they hear the name of "Revere" immediately hear strumming in their minds the lines from a distant past,

> Listen, my children, and you shall hear
> Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
> On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
> Hardly a man . . .

It is amazing how permanently Longfellow stamped certain figures and episodes in our history as legends on the American mind, although almost invariably with a heavy incrustation of false factual details. Revere has been one of the best known legendary heroes of our country, embedded in the customary errors of the poet. As Esther Forbes (Mrs. A. L. Hoskins) says, the legend was to swallow the actual man. It has been her task to bring the real man to life, and to paint his portrait against the background of his times.

The original material for the purpose has apparently not been excessive, but it has been sufficient, and the author has evidently gone through it with care and discrimination. This is her first non-fiction book, but shows, like the five novels dealing with New England conditions which preceded this historio-biography, an extremely competent knowledge of the history of her section. One of the refreshing points about her writing is that although, quite obviously, she knows her subject as a scholar, she is not at all like the Boston lady described by the visiting de Miranda in 1784 who found that she "had read somewhat and therefore she is presumptuous." Esther Forbes wears her learning lightly, and in her easy style transmits to her readers some of the pleasure, and even fun, she has had in her work. If more scholars could do that perhaps we should not have had to read the rather appalling figures just published regarding the lack of interest in American history in our High Schools and Colleges.

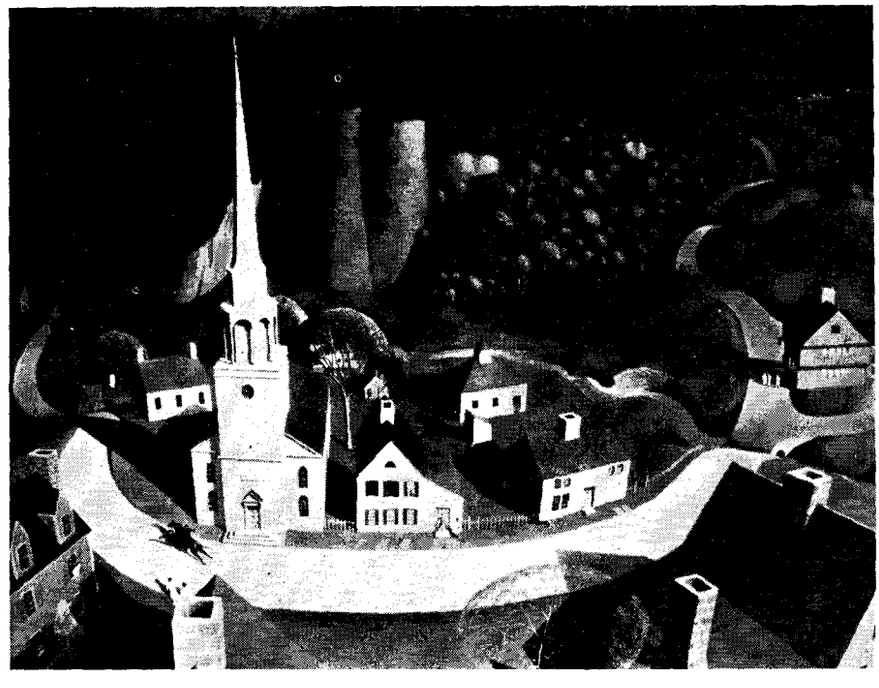
There are two themes in this book. One is the life of Revere himself, and the other the daily life of New Englanders in the stormy pre-Revolutionary, Revolutionary, and post-Revolutionary periods which his life spanned.

For most of those who have not delved deep in the lore of the times, Revere has been solely the man who made the midnight ride to alarm the countryside when the British sent an expedition out from Boston to capture the rebel stores at Concord. Others, of somewhat wider interests, think of him as one of the leading silversmiths in our artistic development, or as an engraver. The ride is here, but falls into its proper place as an incident in an otherwise varied and busy career, and, incidentally, the author states correctly the facts, long known to students but only dimly so to the Longfellow-hypnotized public, as to the signal lights in the church tower and as to Revere's capture by the British and his failure to reach Concord. Miss Forbes tells us much about the real Revere, without, however, the slightest "debunking," for none is necessary. We find him at work not only as the flying horseman, trusted messenger of the Massachusetts patriots and revolutionists, a worker with Sam Adams and others underground politically, as a poor engraver and an excellent gold and silversmith, as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army,—in a disliked and far from successful although wholly honest military interlude, in spite of a court martial,—as a merchant, as an important factor in supplying the American army with gunpowder and cannon, as a caster of chuch bells (seventy-eight of which were still in use in 1911), and as establishing an iron foundry. Altogether, we get a very satisfactory picture of the man, his character, career, and his family and social relations, with no overdone hero worship.

In her other theme, the life of his times, Miss Forbes has been equally successful. In the broader political and military aspects there is little that is new. A good deal of it is rather antiquarian than historical, but it is so well done that one does get a new sense of what those days were like and what their problems were for our ancestors. There are many interesting glimpses down historical side-alleys, such as the pages on dentistry and bad teeth as compared with such matters among then contemporary Europeans. (Among many other things, Revere made false teeth, and identified the body of General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, by the teeth he had made for him.) There are also many suggestive asides, such as that the democratic Franklin captured the applause of the French Court by his simplicity whereas it took the wealth and splurge of a Hancock to capture that of the Boston mob.

It is always easy, and inevitably possible in so large a book, to point to minor errors. In this case some are merely typographical, for which the proof readers must bear the guilt rather than the author. For example, (p. 101) Butte appears for Bute, though correct in the index; (p. 102) Smibert is spelled Snibert. The only serious criticism I would have of the author's treatment of her background is her account of Shays's Rebellion, which I think, in view of the general scale on which topics are treated, is far too short and gives a somewhat false impression. During most of the Rebellion, which in itself, in spite of scant treatment here, was an important factor in creating the American Consitution, Bowdoin and not Hancock was governor of Massachusetts, Hancock having stepped aside until he could safely reap the glory of ending it.

However, I can heartily recommend the book as a whole as both enjoyable reading and sound history.



—Courtesy Associated American Artists

"Paul Revere's Ride," from the painting by Grant Wood.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Writings of MacArthur

MacARTHUR ON WAR. Edited by Frank C. Waldrop. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1942. 419 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by

COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, GSC.

ON July 28, 1932, the President of the United States, at the request of the District Commissioners, called upon the War Department to restore law and order in the District of Columbia, the local police force being unable to cope with the Bonus Expeditionary Force without bloodshed. Federal troops were to be used to quell civilian disorder—duty of the type most abhorrent to the professional American soldier.

Whosoever were placed in charge of this operation would become the target for opprobrium, no matter how skillfully he performed his task, no matter how brilliant his past reputation. The Chief of Staff of the United States Army, who might well have "let George do it," by issuing orders to a subordinate, took personal charge. The job was done without a shot being fired by the troops, without serious injury to either soldier or civilian (blood was shed, but not by the troops). The unfortunate, misguided ex-soldiers of the Bonus "army" were evicted.

Naturally, as the author states, the Chief of Staff at once became "fair game . . . he was slandered and smeared almost daily—a trial to any man but most especially to a professional and sensitive soldier."

The point that Mr. Waldrop has not stressed is that this incident stands as keynote to the character of Douglas MacArthur, a soldier who would not "pass the buck," who believed that loyalty extends downward as well as up, who accepted responsibility.

This book is, in effect, a compilation of public documents, its major portion the five annual reports which General MacArthur made as Chief of Staff during those lean years when pacifistic sentiments, ignoring United States and world history and the facts of life, impeded sane, balanced national defense. The people who believed that war was a contractual affair, dependent upon the acquiescence of both parties, were aided and abetted by visionaries, steeped in the fallacious doctrines of Liddell Hart which in 1939-40 were to wreck France, and bring Britain to her knees.

General MacArthur's five reports are in themselves classics. Reiterating the dangers of war, analyzing the paucity of our means, he showed the steps he had taken to erect a framework upon which the nation might rest its military mighty in the totalitarian war he, in common with the best American professional soldiers, knew would come.

Unless, however, one studies the reports of those who followed Douglas MacArthur—Malin Craig and George C. Marshall—one might well gain the impression from this book that the Man of Bataan had done it all. No slur this to the brilliant MacArthur, twice tried on the field of battle, leader of a forlorn hope whose exploits will ring so long as a bard strikes string to tell of man against fate. There is room, one feels, for a complementary volume, to give the American people the story of how its military leaders continued the work from 1935 to 1939, patching here, extemporizing there, planning for the day when at long last the call to arms sounded.

Interesting is the compilation of documents upon MacArthur's work in the Philippines, in upbuilding the Commonwealth Army. Again one feels that more might have been said to accentuate MacArthur's foresight in organizing the Philippine Military Academy—a replica of West Point—and commanded by a West Point graduate, Lieutenant-Colonel Pastor Martelino, U.S.M.A. 1920. This reviewer, commanding Fort Drum, the "concrete battleship" in Manila Bay, in 1922-23, had the then Lieutenant Martelino under him. He feels that the leaven of young professional soldiers from this Filipino West Point must have been of material assistance in the epic Luzon campaign.

Those who look for the real story of this campaign will not find it in this book. The editor was necessarily mainly limited to publication of the War Department communiques Untold, too, is the fact that the defense of Luzon followed the lines wargamed and maneuvered for twenty years, when those of us stationed in the Islands had but one opinion—some day the Jap is coming, without prior declaration of war.

The greatness of MacArthur lies in his vision, in his execution of plans, in his magnetic leadership. His regrouping of forces in Bataan—particularly the successful retirement from southern Luzon when the wily Jap thought he had our forces split—will one day be held up as a classic example. At least, so this reviewer believes.

Mr. Waldrop's book suffers for lack of an index, and because of the format which in places puzzles the reader to differentiate between public documents and author's opinion.

—*From the original oil painting by Harry Stoner.*
General Douglas MacArthur

American Contours

THE FACE OF SOUTH AMERICA. By John Lyon Rich. American Geographical Society. New York: 1942. 281 *pp. with maps and index.* $4.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

THIS is a book of pictures; pictures of mountains, rivers, plains; taken from the window of planes on a circuit trip around South America. They are excellent pictures, superbly executed and reproduced; finely selected in order to reveal the curves and contours of the face of South America. Mr. Rich's book, pictures and text, will bring instant excitement to the student of geography. If he places it alongside Preston James's recent notable "Latin America," the most inexpert reader will not continue in ignorance of the physical lines of southern lands.

Here one is given a satisfying introduction to the lushness and emptiness of the Amazonian jungle, the sharp outcroppings of the Brazilian highlands, the interminable flatness of the Argentine pampas, the overwhelming power of the Andean range, the barrenness of the Atacama desert.

The text will not be read lightly by the uninformed. It was written for geographers and students who sit at their feet. Its wealth of fact and figure will serve them well. It is the sort of book which will be immensely useful to all writers about Latin America.

As a geographer's book, it must largely omit the pictures of peons, huts, hats and babies which most of us like better than mountains and rocks and alluvial lands. But for a swift and comprehensive birdseye view of the lands South, there is no better book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Healthy and Unhealthy Neighbors

AMBASSADORS IN WHITE. The Story of American Tropical Medicine. By Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Henry Holt Co. Appendices, bibliography, index. 1942. 358 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY F. GRADY

ONE of the outstanding geniuses of the Americas, Dr. Carlos Finlay, who worked a life-time on yellow fever, who discovered the mosquito carrier, who developed a successful serum for immunization nearly forty years before North American medical talent even attempted to discover a suitable vaccine, and who laid the basis for Doctor Reed's work in Havana, is not so much as listed in the biographies of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." His name is not even mentioned in the encyclopedia's account of yellow fever.

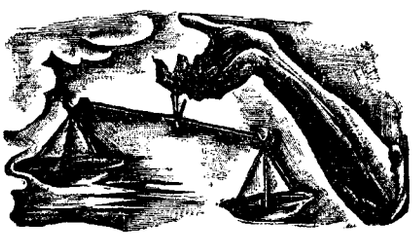
But you will find a full and moving record of his labors and his dramatic life in Wilson's story of tropical medicine. You will find a whole series of brilliant and exciting biographies of the heroes of the long battle for health in the Americas: Finlay, Reed, Gorgas and Deeks. Here is told the little known and exciting record of Doctor Hideyo Noguchi, the great Japanese scientist of New York, perhaps the greatest bacteriologist who ever lived, who plunged the dagger of his scientific knowledge into scourge after scourge of the tropics, and in the end succumbed to one of the diseases he was fighting, a martyr to man's welfare.

This volume, based on years of travel and study in the tropics, on careful research, is not only one of the important books of this year and this decade, it opens up a fascinating new world, and strikes to the very roots of one of the major problems of our time in this hemisphere. It is a heroic and honest book, wholly absorbing from the first to the last page. Although Wilson does not hesitate to lay on the lash where it is deserved, by and large it is a record that every American can be proud and happy to read.

If at times his accounts of certain dread maladies border on the gruesome, he wishes to drive home the fact that there is still much to be done, that the fight for health and humanity must go on. It must go on because we are part of the Americas and the general health condition affects us more vitally than we realize these days of airplanes and rapid transmissions of scourges across the barricades of the most careful sanitary inspection; it must go on because on the outcome of that battle depends the durability of our good-neighbor policy; it must go on because increasingly Americans must live and work in the tropics, and our own relatively high health standards have in part destroyed our individual immunity to many diseases encountered more prevalently abroad; it must go on because there is still danger that some of the graver diseases, such as malignant malaria, yellow fever, and many another less publicized malady may creep back within our own borders and suddenly wreck widespread havoc.

Wilson estimates that at least forty million Latin Americans, despite the long battle for health, are today suffering from serious diseases such as malaria, yaws, tuberculosis, spree, horrible skin eruptions, fungus diseases, and dietary ailments, without the slightest possibility of securing medical attention. You probably have not heard of verruga, or Recklinghausen's disease, or Baelz's disease, or dozens of others told about by Wilson, but you will soon realize why you should know about them.

Wilson double underscores the statement by Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles at a recent Pan American gathering. "My government believes that we must begin now to execute plans vital to the human defense of the hemisphere, for the improvement of health and sanitary conditions, the provision and maintenance of adequate supplies of food, milk and water, and the effective control of insect-borne and communicable diseases." And Wilson adds, "It is a long-term battle which we can and must win." It is part of the defense of the western Hemisphere and more important than the guns and airplanes we send south, he concludes. Certainly the war has driven home to us, what with tin and rubber and quinine and kapok and dozens of other vital materials cut off, that perhaps the biggest part Latin America can play in victory is through the rapid development of these and other vital resources. This cannot be done successfully in many places unless the health hazards are reduced.



In spite of the dark picture painted by Wilson in certain locales, he gives due credit to the Latin American countries for their long struggle to wipe out disease. The medical tradition of Latin America is in fact far older than that of the United States. But unfortunately their problems are greater and their national resources smaller than ours. Proportionately the southern countries have long devoted far more money to public health than we do, although they lack the wealthy private foundations, the great technical equipment, the powerful private companies who include health protection as part of their normal operations, and in many instances standard of living sufficient to stave off many serious diseases. But since 1900 Latin American appropriations for health administration have increased twenty-fold. In some countries health appropriations have reached a sum almost equal to half the national revenues.

Wilson feels that perhaps the fate of democracy itself is involved in the successful outcome of this issue. He sees the problem in terms of continental economy. Our own frontier, which bred democracy, is gone; our topsoil is rapidly vanishing; many of our resources are approaching exhaustion; in field after field we are facing the problem of diminishing returns. The tropics still have soil and space, and the rewards of human effort there are greater than anywhere else. He recalls that Gorgas of the Panama Canal once declared that "in the tropics one man's labor applied to natural opportunities is able to support more men than the same amount of labor applied in any part of the world."

My own opinion is that if all of the New World nations, for instance, concentrated on settling and opening up the Amazon basin, which with air-conditioning could be made as habitable as any portion of the globe, there would not be the slightest need for economic stagnation and defeat when the war is over. Such an effort would give such a big economic lift, the wealth soon created would be so great, that the pulse of creative and new life would flow through the western world for decades to come. The first point of attack is health control. Wilson's book gives the full story of what has been done, the condition of the moment, and what remains to be done —and above all what can be done. It is an epic and gripping story that Wilson tells, and no one could do it better.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
William Rose Benét
Contributing Editor
Harrison Smith
Publisher
Copyright, 1942, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

REMEMBER LIDICE

STATESMEN, historians, writers, readers:

You have been looking for a single statement to unite all peoples everywhere who are making common cause with us in the fight for survival. You want it to be simply stated, yet carry the eloquence of demonstrable truth. You want it to ring with clarity, yet be rich and deep in its universal appeal. Some of you have already made efforts at creating such a rallying cry. Many are noble, inspiring. But we ourselves have not produced *the* one brief affirmation that could answer all questions and resolve all doubts in a way that could have equal meaning and importance for every human being everywhere.

Yet the search can now be ended. There is now such an affirmation. We have not produced it, but the enemy has. By one of those queer twists of irony, it has remained for Nazi Germany to provide for the cause of the United Nations a single brief statement so towering, so powerful, that nothing we have said or can possibly say can surpass it. It tells us—all of us—what we are fighting for and what we are fighting against. It is an answer to cynics, scoffers, disbelievers, belittlers. It is dated June 10, 1942. Listen carefully. This is what it says:

"The investigation of the murder committed on Deputy Reich Protector for Bohemia and Moravia, S. S. Upper Group Leader Reinhard Heydrich, revealed beyond doubt that the population of the township of Lidice near Kladno gave shelter and assisted the murderers.

"In addition, evidence was found of hostile actions committed against the Reich, and subversive printed matter as well as arms and ammunition dumps, illegal radio transmitting station and huge supplies of rationed commodities were discovered.

"In addition, the fact was ascertained that inhabitants of this township were in active service of the enemy abroad.

"After ascertaining these facts, all male adults of the town were shot, while the women were placed in a concentration camp, and children were entrusted to appropriate educational institutions.

"The township was leveled to the ground and the name of the community extinguished. The inhabitants of Lidice near Kladno numbered 483."

This statement was in the form of an official communique, and was no doubt intended as a bold display of strength to frighten off new attacks on Nazi hangmen. Actually, it is one of the most important documents in the history of the Second World War. For it is not only sums up compactly and tersely the issues at stake in this war, but serves as an authorized confession of one of the most sickening and horrible mass crimes since Attila—Hitler's blood partner and trail-blazer. It has thus remained for the Nazi to provide the sharpest and most damning description ever drawn of the nature of Nazism.

HERE is something to sink down deep, something to store away against the day when weariness or cynicism may set in, causing us to wonder whether the game is worth the candle and perhaps wonder what the whole mess is about anyway. For it is all too easy at such times to lose our grip on our basic convictions, perhaps because futility seems to be in the air, perhaps because our goal seems so far away as to be misty and unattainable; perhaps because the present is measured so heavily in terms of blood and tears and sweat that the scales of the future seem meaningless.

At such times, remember Lidice. Remember that Lidice is only symbolic of all the towns and cities and nations that have been set on fire, one by one, as part of a war of extermination, in which the enemy agrees with us that he can never break a living free people, and so, thus agreeing, kills them.

It is well that the story of Lidice was told in the form of an official Nazi communique. Otherwise, it is possible that the "cautious" and "conservative" among us would have warned against being deceived by atrocity propaganda. It is strange, when you think of it, how we have allowed ourselves to become so saturated with a fixed pattern of thinking that we have a rigid and almost stereotyped reaction when confronted by a word such as "atrocity" or a term such as "barbarous crimes." For twenty years we have waged a relentless war not against the things that bring on atrocities or against atrocities themselves, but against the word "atrocity" itself.

—Hans Mueller

Even the British government, terrified lest it be accused of spreading vicious atrocity propaganda, sat on the news of the Hongkong atrocities for weeks before it finally let the world know what actually happened, and then almost timidly and half-afraid, as though they were offending not civilized morality but civilized credulity.

What we have seen these last two generations comes close to being the treason of reason. We didn't think that barbarism was ever again possible, therefore, Q.E.D., barbarism couldn't exist.

And where did all this sweet reason lead us? It led us to refuse to believe the bare truth when Japan first bombed Shanghai six years ago; no, we told ourselves, such wanton slaughter was unthinkable, so we preferred the comfort of saying that the Japanese airmen were merely poor marksmen; they were trying to blast Chinese warships in the harbor and not kill civilians. It led us to "reserve judgment" when the reports came out that the Polish people were being systematically exterminated. And, most humiliating of all, it led us to say no, no, it can't be so, when the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor burst upon us while we were enjoying a good Christian Sunday, so we nodded in agreement when the radio commentators helped fill in the missing parts by declaring that this could never be the *real* Japanese navy —only a few officers running amuk who would commit hari-kari before they could be repudiated and summarily dealt with by the emperor.

What balderdash. What an utter abdication of realistic thinking. What we meant in all this flow of sweet reason was that *we, ourselves,* wouldn't have been capable of such abominations, therefore no one else could. So now we discover that atrocities are atrocities, that towns are being burned and thousands upon thousands of civilian males are systematically exterminated and the women carried off and the children spared, the better to mould them into the new order. This is what this war is about.

Remember Lidice.

N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Old Austria Again

SIR:—Mr. Weiskopf contends that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was killed back in 1849, when its constitution was suspended and the country returned to absolutism. Reasoning along these lines, the Roman Empire was not destroyed in 476 A.D., but almost five hundred years sooner, when Augustus became its first imperator. It might be more difficult to explain why France, with a Republican form of government since 1871, succumbed so quickly two years ago.

It seems to me that the fate of Austria is secondary to the more important question of whether a mere phrase, no matter how attractive, has a place in an historical discussion, and if history is served better by the establishment of a thesis than by the establishment of the unbiased truth.

OTTO EISENSCHIML.

Chicago.

SIR:—Mr. Weiskopf's accusation of having distorted history forces me to prolong the discussion.

Obviously, in speaking of Austria's validity, I had the Austrian idea in mind, and not its specific embodiment under the Habsburgs. I am fully aware of their short-comings; yet I believe that the country would have developed into a free confederation, had not its course been checked by violent upheavals. Austria, which granted cultural—if not political—autonomy to its race in the last twenty years before the World War, was then certainly no "Prison of Nations."

As an Austrian of Jewish descent who has resided for many years in America, I am continuously surprised by the antagonism displayed by present-day refugees towards a country which—despite anti-semitic undercurrents—gave wide scope to Jewish talent and ambition.

MARIE BURTON.

Hollywood.

The Jesuits and the Britannica

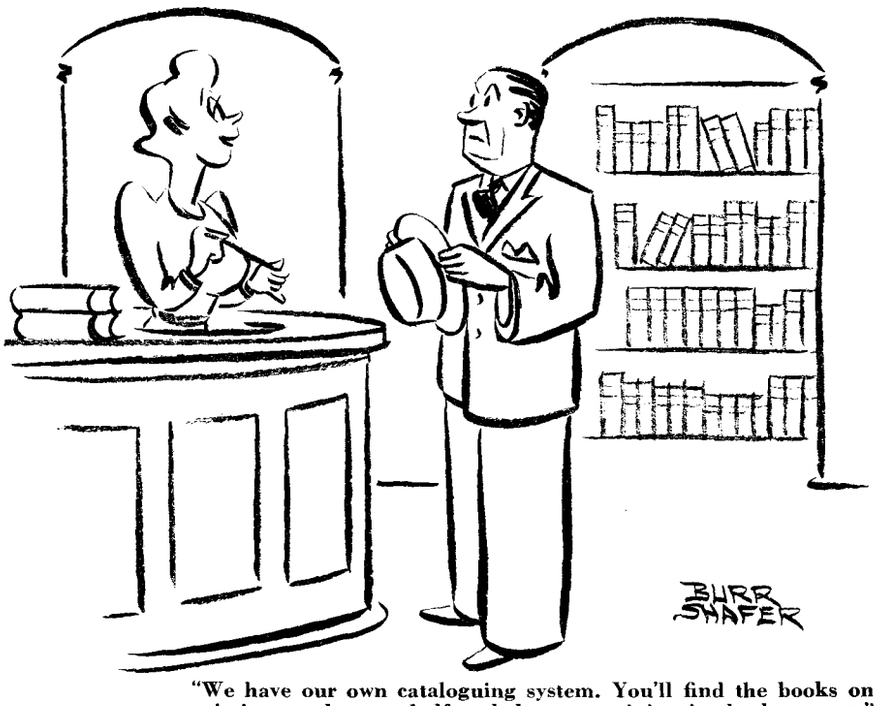
SIR:—It would be putting it mildly to say that I was astonished at the Jesuit-baiting which popped up in Letters to the Editor of the June 20 issue. A matter of principle is involved here. I am sure that a great deal of correspondence is eliminated from Letters to the Editor because of a prejudicial note. Why, then, is an exception made in the case of Miss Roberts?

That such an outlandish bit of correspondence should appear is the fault of the editor no less than of the lady: first, because the letter betrays a bias against a religious group—something above which the editorial staff should rise; second, because the meanest sort of attack is made on the Jesuits—dark hints about the "activity of the Jesuits," the old sniping from the worst traditions of American life. Unless the editor is in sympathy with that sort of tradition, why does he let such a thing smut up his column? Is he in sympathy with bigotry?

I am not even making a case for the Jesuits. If the *Britannica* saw fit to change its article on the Society, it had good reason: a different interpretative treatment of historical matter often rights old wrongs. One suspects, says Miss Roberts, that history of the re-writing would make an illuminating commentary on the article itself. Even more, the history of the re-writing might make an illuminating commentary on the healthy growth of the American mind.

STEPHEN R. FOGARTY, O.S.A.

Tulsa, Okla.



"We have our own cataloguing system. You'll find the books on aviation on the top shelf and those on mining in the basement."

The Hopwood Awards

SIR:—Avery Hopwood must be turning over in his grave at the way the Hopwood Contest is coming to be regarded as a training school for commercial novelists. As the presentation of awards draws near each spring, the campus is lined with publishers' representatives, interviewing possible fiction winners and racing to get the jump on each other. Many of the announcements of the 1942 awards have completely overlooked the winners in other fields of writing.

The trend toward emphasizing fiction at the expense of poetry, drama, and essay is a natural one, of course. Several of the Hopwood novelists—Mildred Walker, Iola Fuller, Maritta Wolff, and others—have written best sellers, and anyway, the novel is the one form of writing that publishers can use in almost unlimited quantities. The directors of the Hopwood contests apparently approve the emphasis, for since 1934 the largest prize has invariably gone to a novelist.

Yet Avery Hopwood established the awards to encourage all sorts of creative writing, regardless of current book-publishing preferences. In his will he specified that the students competing "shall be allowed the widest possible latitude, and that the new, the unusual, and the radical shall be especially encouraged."

Despite the publicity focused on the fiction-winners, the awards have encouraged a group of poets who are beginning to be noticed. John Ciardi, Norman Rosten and John Brinnin have recently published books of poetry, and Virginia French, the 1941 winner, has had poems in leading magazines.

Just as a reminder that there were winners in fields other than fiction, here is a list:

The poetry prize went to Robert E. Hayden, whose book, "Heart-Shape in the Dust," appeared several years ago, and who is represented in the "Negro Caravan." His Hopwood manuscript was "The Black Spear," a group of poems on the Negro's struggle for freedom. Jack Mitchell won in drama with "Brita," a play dealing with the reconstruction of an American family's attitude toward the war.

The essay award was split four ways: Laia Hanau, Lois Helene Van der Meulen, Celia Hwaguen Chao, and G. Nelson Bentley.

CHAD WALSH.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nathan . . .

THE SEA-GULL CRY. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 214 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"THE SEA-GULL CRY" is about Louise and her little brother Jeri, two refugees, who come to Cape Cod and find, as the jacket blurb tells us, "their first home in America, an empty scow. . . ." Readers of these words may experience a slight sinking of the heart, and murmur uneasily that you can have too much of a good thing.

—*Assoc. News, Inc.*

Robert Nathan

Louise is lovely and young and she falls in love with a middle-aged State Teachers College instructor. Jeri tries to float back to Europe on a raft so that he can rescue more children. The instructor, a Mr. Smith, sedulously haunts the scow until at last he realizes that the incredible has happened and that Louise loves him. Other characters, all agreeable facsimiles of life, move to and fro in an orderly manner. The whole story, like a jig-saw puzzle, fits beautifully together—here a human being, there a sliver of Cape Cod scenery, here a patch of sunlight and there a tear. And, like a jig-saw puzzle, once completed, it hardly seems worth the effort. It is true that Mr. Nathan writes with skill, charm, and tact, and that he avoids like the devil the quaintness which lies in wait for him at every turn. Indeed, his little story lacks only one thing; and that is, a point. Somehow or other, the refugee question refuses to take refuge in an old scow. It is too large and too human, and the atmosphere of an idyll is quite irrelevant to it.

Gracefully, tenderly, tirelessly, the wand is waved; but it is waved in vain. The story sheds its mature and tragic meanings and emerges as something wide-eyed and childlike. A similar and perhaps inevitable metamorphosis takes place in the author. He begins as Prospero, he ends as Peter Pan.

The Trade Book Clinic has named as its July selections: "Charles Dickens," by G. K. Chesterton; "The Eight Million," by Meyer Berger; "Foreign Devil," by Gordon Enders; "Getting Them into the Blue," by E. K. Gann; and "The Unvanquished," by H. Fast.

Frost . . .

VILLAGE OF GLASS. By Frances Frost. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MISS FROST's engaging novel is really about two villages, one of recognizable people and houses and homely details of New England living, the other a fantasy in the mind of Robin Thorn, the local genius in the blowing of glass. Symbolically, they merge as the destruction of the real village by the monstrous machines of war brings wonderful fruition to the unconquerable dream of the artist. But at no point in the book can they be fairly separated, and whatever other flaws mar her performance, Miss Frost may not be properly accused of a lack of unity in either conception or purpose. She has written a beautifully planned study in balance—of horror with beauty, evil with with good, pain with peace, death with birth. Even when things are at their worst, when bombs have reduced a little village to a mere casualty station, and the few that are unhurt drop from the fatigue of tending the wounded and burying the dead, that balance asserts itself. Perhaps it is a vision, a hope, an assurance that the fiery furnace will yield to ordinary folk their village of glass, their dream, and their fulfilment.

To come down from this high note, however, one is bound to record that the "village characters" are sometimes tiresomely villagy—notably Gramma Nancy Clancy, who would be more amusing and enjoyable if there were less of her—and that too often the sentimentality of both language and incident are closer to molasses than to poetry. On the whole, however, her story of the love between Robin Thorn and Laurel O'Hare, and of the less idyllic romances of other village couples, as well as her almost prophetic description of how war may come to a little innocent town (Miss Frost's was visualized in 1937) will be welcome to those who relish a charming prose style, nobility of spirit, and artistic integrity.

REMEMBER LIDICE

Bledsoe . . .

FIDDLE LONGSPAY. By Warren Bledsoe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is a gay, light, entertaining novel, quite irrational in the manner of behavior of its characters but amusingly incredible, and within the bounds of its own unreality, entirely persuasive. The Longspay family, who live on a handsome estate in Maryland—brought to affluence, be it said, by the millions of an outsider who has married into it—boasts among its younger members one Fiddle, so nicknamed because of his musical inclinations. Fiddle lives in the bachelor addition to the manor house and is an object both of affection and reprobation to his aunt-in-law, the latter even before a scandal has been created by his wearing shorts and a worse one by his having been surprised in them in a secluded nook with a woman. The lady, though the secret is kept from the gossip mongers until it is too late to injure her, is no other than the rector's sister with whom Fiddle has fallen in love at sight and whom he woos intermittently throughout the book.

In the intervals when he is not so occupied Fiddle is absorbed in trying to get a job, failing to get a job, getting a job; getting drunk or appearing drunk; being hauled out of trouble by one relative and falling into the bad graces of others; coming to the aid of the rector who is brought up before his vestrymen on the charge of communism, and in general leading the life of a pampered, idle, but well-intentioned and lovable young man. Incidentally to his own story others are worked into the plot, that of his sister and the rector, of his cousins, and his uncles, all told in good humor with now and then a suggestion of seriousness.

The characters as they emerge from Mr. Bledsoe's fancy are interesting and as his story advances, despite the insouciance of the plot, take on personality and reality. There is a fine Victorian air of virtue to the novel, somewhat out of date but pleasing, and the setting, though, curiously, it wears an aspect more English than American, is effective. Good diversion for a grim time.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Impact of War

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF WAR ON CITIZEN AND SOLDIER. By R. D. Gillespie, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton, Inc. 1942. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GREGORY ZILBOORG, M.D.

R. D. GILLESPIE, M.D., Physician for Psychological Medicine at Guy's Hospital, London, and Wing-Commander Royal Air Force, Volunteer Reserve, is a good Englishman whose psychiatric scientific background, however, is not purely English since he has studied also in America. He has a topic which is timely and is bound to arouse the eager interest of both the professional man and the lay citizen, but what he has to say is rather disappointing. He does, however, render a great service by pointing out that the war *per se* has brought forth few if any neuroses and psychoses directly due to the fact of war, to bombing, or to other contingencies connected with military activities. These negative observations are of value in so far as they dispel a number of general misconceptions about the war. Yet, his presentation is too diffuse and eclectic to offer any clear understanding of the fundamental or current psychiatric or psycho-sociological problem. Dr. Gillespie's historical perspective is frequently blurred and it is rather regrettable that he seems almost deliberately to share the mistaken view that hysterical patients are dependent upon their "histrionic ability" to reveal their symptoms. The fact that Charcot's "Grande hysterie" seems to have disappeared hardly justifies Gillespie's statement that it was an artifact. There is a definite and erroneous tendency to ascribe to the doctor's prejudices the variations of psychoneurotic symptoms. There is little succintness in his differentiation of various views on neuroses; consequently his eclectic trends prevent the reader from perceiving clearly the differentiating characteristics between Adolf Meyer, Freud, and Melanie Klein. It is regrettable that Dr. Gillespie has not seen fit to help both the medical man and the public, to dispel the common prejudice that psychiatrists speak an obscure language which conceals a great deal and reveals very little. The terminological proclivities of certain psychiatrists are of little service to psychiatric enlightenment. Such terms as "The sociopathic type of psychopath" are of very little help.

Dr. Gillespie is an excellent psychiatrist and a deeply feeling and inspired Englishman, but the crisis through which we are living is too absorbing to make one capable of offering an immediate psychiatric evaluation of the problems and troubles arising from and in the midst of this war. Goodness and righteousness, courage and spiritual durability are admirable attributes of man, but they are ethical and esthetic values—not scientific ones; they should not be confused with problems of mental health. It is this confusion that prompts Gillespie to conclude with a quotation from Moore's "Principia Ethica" and allows him to speak of psychiatrists as "technicians in human relationships." Sometimes we wish they were and yet it is perhaps a blessing that they are not—and let us hope, never will be. For a psychiatrist, like a surgeon or internist, is a healer of illnesses and not the Platonic philosopher who would rule the future state by virtue of his special wisdom.

The confusing and taxing problems arising from the world crisis undoubtedly demand the attention of the psychiatrist as much as they do that of the sociologist, public health specialist, and economist, but the very urgency of these problems impose upon us the duty of considerable scientific restraint. Dr. Gillespie is dignified and restrained at all times, but he ascribes to psychiatry a certain omniscience which he himself demonstrably confutes and which the psychiatrist happily does not possess.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Timon of Athens," by William Shakespeare.
2. "Little Black Sambo," by Helen Bannerman.
3. Gargantua, in "Gargantua and Pantagruel," by Francois Rabelais.
4. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Noble Client," by Conan Doyle.
5. Bo-Bo, in "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.
6. Porphyro and Madeline, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by John Keats.
7. The Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
8. Prince Florizel, in "The Adventure of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
9. Paul Bunyan, in "The Black Duck Dinner," in the Paul Bunyan legends collected by James Stevens.
10. Barmecide and Schacabac, in "The Barber's Sixth Brother," from The Arabian Nights.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 432)

H. HAGEDORN

ODE OF DEDICATION

Not for one dragon's end, one victory,
One last great war, but to unending war
Without, within, till God's white torch, supreme,
Melt the last chain; and the last dungeon door
Swing slowly wide to the triumphant Dream!
God, ...
Lead on! We come.

The new novel by the author of THE HOSPITAL

KENNETH FEARING'S

CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY

➡ The breathtaking story of a future civil war in a country you will recognize.

$2.50. A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Calas Confronts the Wise

CONFOUND THE WISE. By Nicolas Calas. New York: Arrow Editions. 1942. 275 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

UP until June, 1940 headquarters of Europe's esthetes were still in Paris, and very pleasant too for those who could afford it. And here is Mr. Nicolas Calas (a Swiss Greek or a Greek Swiss) who has not allowed a little thing like Hitler's invasion to upset him, and brings us a surrealist record which travels from Paris to New York by way of Portugal. It must be admitted that no clear and comprehensive description of these essays should be attempted, since they wander around pretty much at hazard and according to the promptings of Mr. Calas's whims. And why not? Did anyone ever hear a cafe discussion which stuck to the point? And Mr. Calas gets around quite a lot in time and space and the clock, for already on page 8 he brings up a cohort of fashionables—Saint Paul, Moses, Iknaton, Celsus, Julian the Apostate, Marx, Calvin, Freud, Adler, Jung, and the Surrealist miracle.

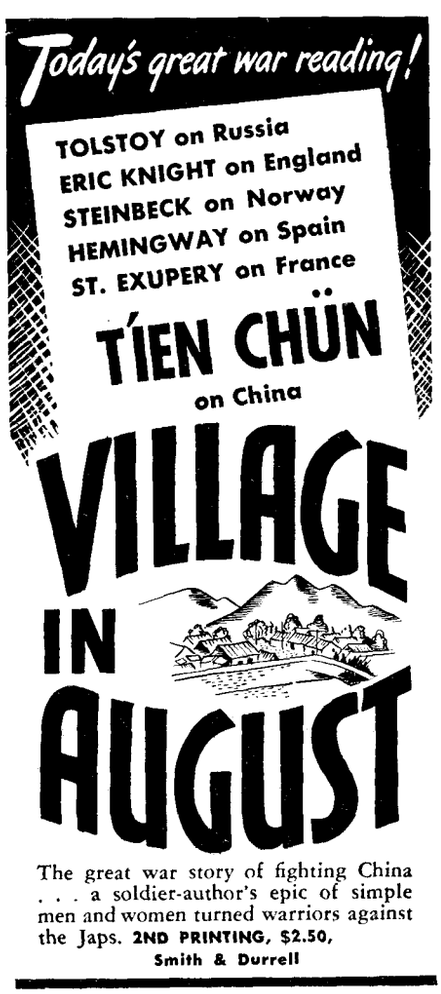
Avida Dollars is a nice name; Irish perhaps?

People coming out fresh from beyond the Alleghanies used to get worried in Paris because someone put mustaches on the Mona Lisa; but the reason for that was psycho-analytical, and they were pretty slow not to realize that the Gioconda smile is really the smile of Leonardo da Vinci's mother. The mustaches completed the likeness. Mr. Calas gets off some surrealist miracles too. Of course everyone in the fourth Grade knows that 500 British archers fought with the Portugese in the victory of Aljubarrota, 1385; but it was reserved for Mr. Calas to bring them straight on to that battlefield from Agincourt, which was fought in 1415.

"The mere fact that after da Gama's return from Calcutta . . . " says Mr. Calas, and I would like to put that forward as one of the really fine miracles of surrealism: Vasco da Gama died in 1524, and Calcutta was founded in 1690. "What we want must be in the future!" page 67, and a sub-title to "Dialectics of Wine Glass and Gold" which would be a really beautifully title if it were not for that ugly word "dialectics" invented by Socrates and misapplied by Marxists. And what is a "catalyzer" and who was "gerondocracy" and why is credo quia absurdum "a negotiation of science itself?"

And anyone who says Mr. Auden is "unglorious" is going to get into quite a wrangle with me for one, especially as I maintain that "inquietude" never forces me "to wonder what is going to happen afterwards." And can any lawyer tell us whether you can be jailed for "exposing a completely reactionary theory of biology?" Mr. Calas tells us: "The change of the lobster in death by water from an ugly tertiary color into a purgatory red ought to be an occasion for rites that precede all feasts."

On the whole I have had quite a lot of fun from "Confound the Wise," and recommend it to all those who like to bless the silly.



The great war story of fighting China . . . a soldier-author's epic of simple men and women turned warriors against the Japs. 2ND PRINTING, $2.50,
Smith & Durrell

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERATURE'S FAMOUS MEALS

Here is a literary menu made up of several of fiction's famous meals. How many of them have you shared? Allowing 5 points if you can name one of the diners at each, and another 5 if you can name the story, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. After squandering his fortune on what turned out to be fair weather friends, this misanthrope invited them to a banquet and served nothing but luke-warm water.

2. At one meal, this little boy ate 169 pancakes fried in tiger butter, while his mother ate 27 and his father had 55.

3. When only one day old, this baby required the milk of 17,913 cows.

4. This celebrated detective prepared a supper which included a couple of brace of cold woodcock, a pheasant, a pate de foie gras pie, and some ancient and cobwebby bottles, but the guest of honor, a noble bachelor, refused to stay.

5. A boy's accidental burning of a house, and with it a litter of pigs, resulted in the first roast pork dinner.

6. This lover and his lass had a midnight lunch of candied apple, quince, plum, and gourd; jellies and syrups; and manna and dates.

7. At this continuous outdoor teaparty it was always six o'clock, so the three diners, never having time to wash the dishes, merely moved to new places at the table when their dishes were dirty.

8. While dining incognito in a London cafe, this Bohemian prince was given a free lunch of several cream tarts.

9. Confronted by a shortage of meat, this famous lumberman spread out a huge tarpaulin in the moonlight and so deceived hundreds of wild ducks into diving into what they thought was a lake, thus breaking their necks.

10. When this host playfully served imaginary food to a starving beggar, his guest pretended to get drunk on the imaginary wine and knocked him down.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO TALK TO THE ENEMY

(*Continued from page 4*)

speakers are sufficiently exploiting the specialized group appeal, which Nazi Germany has proved time and again to be by far the most effective type of propaganda for foreign consumption.

5) When we talk to the enemy, we often tend to assume that his mental processes, his standards of judgment, indeed his whole frame of reference, is the same or roughly similar to our own.

6) We tend to talk the same language in defeat as in victory. Our strategy, when military reverses have put us on the defensive, is to explain away our reverses or to play up how strong we will be at some future date. We have not tried out "guerrilla" tactics in the war of words.

How then shall we talk to the enemy, our No. 1 enemy the German? We should begin by conceding that he is a German—not an American or an Englishman. If he is a young German, he is likely to be strongly indoctrinated with Nazism; the Fuehrer *Prinzip* will have replaced what we call Conscience. If he is a middle-aged German, or older, he will have known the Weimar Republic and may be sceptical of the blessings of Democracy. If he is an official, the chances are he is cynical, corrupt, jealous of his superiors and distrustful of his subordinates. In all cases he will probably be chauvinistic, a firm believer in the doctrine that Might is Right, and contemptuous of any suspicion of weakness—and he will generally interpret humanitarianism as weakness.

Thus to the Germans we must not be afraid to talk the bold language of power, planting our ideological center of gravity firmly in the heart of the Reich, making due allowance in our strategy for the hold on the German mind of the Nazi myth, eschewing strict logic in our appeals to what is now an illogical, neurotic nation. The greatest military disasters in this war have come about because we have underestimated the enemy. Let us not make the mistake of misjudging him in the war of words.

Our No. 1 aim should be boldly to impress the German with our *present* military strength. We must remind him, in terms of *his own past experience* that, short of an allied victory, he has nothing to hope for but a war without end. He must never be allowed to forget that even when England's armies were shattered, he could not storm the little island on his front door step. Parodying the Nazi slogan, we might ask the German: "You could not take England, how then the whole world?" We should reiterate, day in day out, *not* that we *are* winning the war, which he does not believe, but that *Germany cannot win it,* which is the horrible suspicion that a Russian winter and the air power of the Allies have implanted in his mind.

We must not woo the German with sweet, reasonable words, but seek to sap his morale with doubt and with fear, reminding him incessantly of the millions that are dead and doomed to die, of the "unnecessary" (because inexpedient) crimes of his leaders, which are creating for the German people a terrible legacy of hate. Always we should leave him a crumb of hope, but not more lest he despise us as weaklings—"decadent, sentimental democrats." We should promise merciless execution of those who are guilty, and a *hard but tolerable penance for the German people.* In this way we will avoid intensifying their fear of defeat without incurring their contempt.

We can do much more. We can appeal specifically to those groups and classes most vulnerable to suggestion. For the housewife we might paint a nostalgic picture of the joys of home life—a husband by a blazing fireplace, and a future for her children better than a horrible death in Russia or legalized whoring in a Nazi youth camp; the bourgeois ideal of family life still holds a strong appeal for the mothers of Germany. We can—and the British radio has done this—appeal to the large left-wing element in the dockyards and factories with militant working class slogans; we can talk to them the language of a class-conscious industrial proletariat. The military leaders are open to anti-Gestapo propaganda, and the army officers will enjoy a poisoned jest at the expense of the *parvenus* of the SS and the SA. Even the Nazi officials themselves are fair game for divisionist propaganda, if we play on their vanity, jealousy, and greed. While promising rewards to those who help us, we might also create a hierarchy of crime, encouraging a scramble for the lowest places.

We must keep our propaganda more sensitively attuned to the fortunes of war than it has been in the past. When we are victorious, we can move our propaganda into high gear, talk victory, warn and threaten. We can then accomplish our present objective of undermining the enemy's will to fight by stressing that the sooner he quits the lighter will be the burden of defeat, the quicker the return to the ways of peace. But when we are militarily on the defensive, we must drop bluster, which only makes us look ridiculous, and avoid explaining away our defeats, which only underlines our difficulties. At such times we should abandon the frontal attack and resort to "guerrilla" tactics.

In any event—whether the news is favorable to our side or not—we must tie in the items we report with our long-term objectives; we must make them corroborate the main themes of our propaganda. A common practice of the allies has been to omit, soft-pedal, or explain away their reverses—a technique that carries little conviction and one that tends to discredit any favorable items on the rest of the broadcast. The solution would appear to lie in always projecting the day's events against a broader background, bringing into relief not the

An Important New Book by

Carl J. Friedrich

Professor of Government, Harvard University

THE NEW BELIEF IN THE COMMON MAN

For the world now in birth, Dr. Friedrich has created a new faith founded upon a realistic view of the common man's capacity for self-government. A masterly vindication of the democratic idea. $3.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

current successes of the enemy but the certainty that he cannot win the war. With this technique there is no need to deny or explain away reverses and so weaken the rest of your claims; the reverses are effectively minimized by being presented in their proper context. Here is a very rough illustration of how we might have talked to the enemy some day just after the fall of Tobruk (with appropriate variations for each group and class addressed):

"German listeners. Let us remind you that today it is a year and one week since your armies invaded Russia. The German High Command, of course, reports progress on all fronts. The High Command has been reporting progress ever since the snows melted, but the German armies have failed to recover much of the ground they lost to the enemy during the terrible Russian winter, in which thousands of your best troops were killed. We are not too worried about the Russian front, for we have your Fuehrer's word for it that the campaign will continue into next winter. We leave it to you to picture for yourselves what another winter in Russia will do to the German armies, who lack warm clothing and are constantly attacked by partisans in their rear and are forced to haul all their supplies over long and difficult communication lines.

"Your High Command claims the fall of Sevastopol. The fall of Sevastopol has been 'imminent' for three weeks. However, it is possible that after killing several thousand more Germans, and destroying more tanks and planes the Russians may be forced to surrender what is left of Sevastopol —and your generals know only too well that there won't be much left. We admit that it would be quite a blow to the Russians. You see, German listeners, it is not our policy to deny that we lose battles or to boast about imaginary victories.

"Talking of victories, do you remember how last summer your High Command claimed to have captured city after city in Russia, to have annihilated army after army? But there were always more cities to take, more armies to annihilate, and very soon it was winter. So don't forget this: the Russians can always buy time with space, which is very cheap in Russian. *Your* soldiers are racing against time, and space they must pay for with German blood—and the price they are paying is terribly high.

"The British High Command in Cairo acknowledges a further retreat along the Egyptian coastline to Mersa Matruh. The situation is admitted to be serious, and reinforcements, especially American bombers, are being rushed to Egypt . . . We do not seem to have done so well in the recent battles in North Africa. In fact, we have taken quite a beating. But what of it? In 1914-18, as some of you must remember very well, Germany won all the battles. But she lost the war. In this war too you have beaten us a number of times—and what real good has it done you? France was conquered two years ago. What is the news from France today?—a train sabotaged between Lille and Paris . . . a Gestapo man poisoned in a Paris cafe . . . four German soldiers horribly mutilated in a mysterious explosion at Bordeaux. In Holland, Poland, Norway, all of the occupied countries, it is the same story—sabotage, poisonings, explosions. In Crete yesterday the local Nazi butchers murdered sixty-two patriots for sabotage, and 125 women and children were put into concentration camps. The Nazis must be in a bad way to be afraid of women and children. But that's the way it is all over Europe; Germans live in fear and die without seeing the hand that struck them. That is what your victories have won for you—the privilege of being murdered in a foreign country. And now your Fuehrer and Goebbels and Goering, they are talking of a long war, a very long war. Think of what that means. More campaigns and more sacrifices. Death this year, or next year, or the year after for you, German soldiers, and for you, the civilians, years of cold and hunger and darkness. And at the end, what? This is the reality behind the Nazi dream—a reality to be measured in terms of a shattered nation."

On the ideological plane we should at all times be on the offensive, stressing that it is we who are fighting a revolutionary war, a people's war. The enemy will not believe this just now. But *in the long run* this will prove a more effective way of talking to him than to *defend* democracy and our war aims against the accusations of the Nazi propaganda machine. It is a fatal mistake to defend the role which the enemy has assigned to you. We must at all costs avoid "Maginot Line Psychology" on the battlefront of the mind. We cannot hope to get the better of the enemy's propaganda war of movement with a propaganda war of position.

On April 13, 1940, the French Minister of Information Froissard said: "We shall *answer* the gross untruths which the German propaganda diffuses with an honest and loyal information, *à la Française.*" We know what happened in the psychological battle for France. Yet our formula for waging war on the mind of the enemy—straight, accurate news, *à l'Américaine*—is suspiciously similar to M. Froissard's. It just won't do. Ideas, not news or information, are the stuff of which effective propaganda is made —ideas which take into account the mental conditioning of the enemy, which will penetrate the chinks in his mental armor and implant themselves in his consciousness, there to fulfill their role in total war.

CUPPY: "This one keeps you goggle-eyed with suspense."
KETCH: "A slick chiller with concert-pitch suspense."
Mystery IN THE WOOD SHED
• An agony-column ad brings violent results . . . *By ANTHONY GILBERT.* $2.00, Smith & Durrell, N. Y.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SHAPE OF A STAIN *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.)	Violent death of psychobiologist's accomplished ape in English village gives Toby Dyke and pal George quite a case.	Well thought out plot, considerable humor, good characterizations, and two very satisfactory sleuths with widely different methods.	Good!
ENTER A MURDERER *Ngaio Marsh* (Sheridan House: $2.)	Actor shot dead in full view of London audience containing detective Alleyne, who goes on from there.	Another early Marsh. Cleverly constructed, also reveals sides of Alleyne's character not stressed in later exploits.	Readable
THE UNCAS ISLAND MURDERS *F. W. Bronson* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Wealthy oldster and young bride-to-be extinguished in off-shore Conn. villa. Bright young girl and personable cop solve it.	Forthrightly told example of house-party species. Pleasant people, sprightly heroine, believable sleuth, and ample action.	Grade B

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

The Black Cat and the Man of Mystery

WE hoped to rouse out some correspondence when we craftily mentioned *The Black Cat* and kindred small magazines of old, and we succeeded. Tiffany Thayer excites our interest by writing on the stationery of The Fortean Society, of which he is Secretary, and of which deceased members, we see, were Judge Holmes, Lincoln Steffens, Clarence Darrow, Havelock Ellis, Harry Leon Wilson, and Felix Riesenberg—and some of the undeceased are Ben Hecht, Booth Tarkington, Burton Rascoe, and John Cowper Powys. Such a medley arouses our curiosity. In any case, Mr. Thayer writes:

> John Stapleton Cowley-Brown may or may not have written for *The Black Cat*. He is not represented in any issue of my incomplete file. However, the paper of which he was editor, publisher, and almost sole contributor was the *Goose-Quill*—issued first from Chicago, then from New York. My file of this is complete and the words still burn. . . . I never heard of *The Blue Mule*, but I have the *Yellow Kid* and the *White Elephant*. Would buy any *Blue Mules* you might know of.

If only we had any! Of quite recent years, too, there was *The Laughing Horse*, down in New Mexico; and we ourself once edited a small tan magazine called *The Chimaera*—there were, we think, three issues!

Walter Dolliver, of Brighton, Massachusetts, writes:

> Your inquiry as to who can give you any information about *The Black Cat* magazine certainly brought back the hair-raising days of that publication. *The Black Cat* was published if I remember correctly in Boston, a monthly publication and sold for a dime. It was in size between the *S.R.L.* and the *Atlantic* with the face of a black cat on the cover and specialized in blood-curdling ghost stories, those that would make you hear the back stairs squeak and sounds in the next room, doors open and close and the stove-covers rattle, and did the months drag along until the next publication!
>
> I was not old enough at the time to appreciate who wrote the stories. All I wanted was the next number! All of this was between forty and fifty years ago. My memory is that it was a short-lived magazine, but while it lasted it was good.

It was certainly original, anyway! But our own recollection is that it was about thirty-five years ago that we first saw it. Donald M. Wright, of Lakeville, Connecticut, informs us further:

> John Stapleton Cowley-Brown wrote his acidulous comments in ten point b. f. at the rear of a sensational little magazine the *Ten Story Book*, published in Chicago. *Ten Story Book* tried to take up where the excellent *Black Cat* left off, but was no such book as its predecessor. *Short Story* was in the class of neither—it was a pulp, *I think* published by the publishers of *Popular Magazine*. This flourished at about the time Ray Long was editing the *Blue Book and* the *Green Book and* the *Red Book* on Chicago (around 1912-13).
>
> Dan Casey, editor of *System*, when Carl Sandburg and I were on the editorial staff—along with Edgar Rice Burroughs—said that Cowley-Brown was a man of mystery about whose background little was known, but that he was "playing around the edges" of the Chicago "Renaissance" and had gotten soured because he hadn't been greeted with the acclaim of critics such as Floyd Dell and Llewellyn Jones, who were developing Anderson and Sandburg among other Chicago "wild men" of the period. I think, by the way, that Cowley-Brown used the term "Recent Rubbish" rather than "Recent Rot."

As for Mr. Wright's facts, they seem to us right in every particular. We recall *Ten Story Book* now—and it *was* "Recent Rubbish." As to Carl Sandburg, we found out the other day that he was a "Fourth Avenue Alumnus," for we ran into him in Breslow's Bookstore, wherein we have often browsed. So has our friend, Harrison Cady!

James McBride Dabbs, of Mayesville, S. C., writes:

> You ask, in the Phoenix Nest, for information about *The Black Cat*. I happen to have a few numbers from 1902, 1903, and 1904 that belonged to my uncle. The only names I recognized among the contributors were Katherine Tynan, who won a $100 prize, and Susan Keating Glaspell, who won a $150 prize, both in the August 1904 number. Apparently each issue carried five stories, and nothing else, so probably your critic, John Stapleton Cowley-Brown, wrote not for *The Black Cat*, but possibly for *Short Story*, a magazine I do not know. *The Black Cat* describes itself as "A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories." It was published by the Shortstory Publishing Co., in Boston, Mass. It further describes itself as follows: "*The Black Cat* is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories—every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *stories that are stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength"; and then some details about MSS.

Passion in Syracuse

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was not the only Ella to make verses sizzle! We resurrect from the far past a poetess of Syracuse, N. Y. Her name was Mrs. Ella Brady Candee, and she used the expression *ma cher* a good deal—probably an accomplished linguist.

One of Mrs. Candee's best verses went, if we recollect correctly, as follow:

We'll live a day we cannot forget,
Tumultuous, reckless, and free.
Daredevil joys we'll suffocate yet.
Lucille, you are mine love, and be.
My eyes are blinded with passion's mist,
Rest your head on my heart, ma cher.
We'll study love, and possess the gist
Of emotion dragged from its lair.

Those were great days up in Syracuse, and up at Lucille's!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

CAPTAIN HENRY OF GEAUGA:
A FAMILY CHRONICLE
By Frederick A. Henry

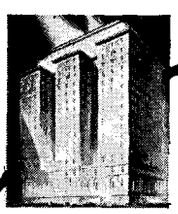
In this true life-story, the reader breathes the very atmosphere of every changing scene through which its virile subject moves—acquainted alike with cabbages and kings.

To issue July 15: one large volume, blue cloth, unique paper labels; pp. 735+xvi, indexed, 54 chapters, 16 pp. of illustrations; $6.50, postpaid. Order from publisher's distributors:

J. R. HOLCOMB & CO.
1710 East 22nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

AT YOUR Elbow

At The Roosevelt everything that makes New York so interesting is right at your elbow. Step off your train at Grand Central, follow the private passageway direct to the Roosevelt, enjoy friendlier service . . . cheerful, spacious rooms . . . delicious food . . . and a restful atmosphere that have endeared The Roosevelt to its guests year after year. Attractive rooms with bath from $4.50.



WALTER PERNER and His Orchestra in the ROOSEVELT GRILL
Nightly except Sundays

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
BERNAM G. HINES, Managing Director

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERATURE IN TRANSITION

(*Continued from page* 5)

something distressingly liberal in George Eliot, in George Macdonald, even in the seemingly innocuous Edna Lyall, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

In his brief discussion of the "Novel of Idea" Mr. Frierson is shallow and perfunctory. This is a pity because, at least from the time of "The Fool of Quality" English literature has been remarkable in this kind of fiction.

There is a chapter on the "life-novel" which is even more confusing. By "life-novel" Mr. Frierson means a novel with a strong flavor of autobiography; he states that "it is virtually a new form or mode of writing in England" and he dates it from Samuel Butler's "The Way of all Flesh." And what are "Pendennis" and "David Copperfield?" What are "Jane Eyre" and "Villette?" It is also disturbing to discover that Mr. Frierson is unable to distinguish between biography and autobiography. The autobiographical strain in "Sons and Lovers," in "Sinister Street," in many of Mr. Wells's novels, in J. D. Beresford's "Jacob Stahl" is clear enough; so, though more transmuted, it is in "Of Human Bondage," and possibly in May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier," while "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," is more autobiography than fiction. But Gilbert Cannan's "Mendel," which Mr. Frierson thinks is a self-portrait, is a "fictionalized" biography of a well-known painter of the period, a friend of the unfortunate novelist, and no more like Gilbert Cannan in character or history than was the equally well-known actor, producer, and artist he pilloried in "Mummery."

Excepting Henry James, the American authors who made England their home for brief or long periods are strangely neglected. Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Harold Frederic, Anne Douglas Sedgwich, Elizabeth Robins, and, though he wrote but one novel, Logan Pearsall Smith were all noteworthy either for achievement or influence—Mr. Frierson discusses none of them, and only mentions Crane; yet Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" set the note for novels of the Great War, on which Mr. Frierson has little of distinction to say, and neglects two of the best, A. P. Herbert's "The Secret Battle" and Frederic Manning's "Her Privates We"; at the same time he lists one or two books as novels which are, like Robert Graves's "Goodbye to All That" and Edmund Blunden's "Undertones of War," fairly straight reminiscence.

Most serious of all his errors, however, an error that makes his whole account of the period misleading, is his neglect of imaginative and fantastic novels. The student—and the book is presumably intended for students—will look in vain for such authors (all far superior to many popular novelists solemnly discussed), as Walter de la Mare, Forrest Reid, Ethel Colburn Mayme (to whom Katherine Mansfield acknowledged as much debt as to Chekov), Conal O' Riordan, Richard Hughes, David Garnett, Viola Meynell, Mary Butts, Francis Stuart, Charles Williams, and Austin Clarke. To omit these is to give an oddly lopsided effect. It is impossible to judge the force or the trend of any "transition," if such there be, unless the critic estimates the value of those authors, some traditional, some revolutionary, who have persisted in a devotion to those aspects of art, that vocation of the artist which are independent of change and of fashion, the authors who have never been cheated into the betrayal that makes a man worship appearance rather than reality. More than in any other country the novel in England has been a vehicle of that sense of wonder which has been the distinguishing mark of the great romantic movement. Novelists of other countries, Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville here, Dostoievsky and Andreyiev in Russia, are masters in this kind—men who see more than we can see and hear sounds too high for our ears. This faculty is found in an astonishing number of English novelists, and gives their work a distinction it would otherwise lack. (It is this quality which makes the novels of Joseph Conrad and Charles Marriott so much more exciting than a work of a purely naturalistic author, Emile Zola). A consideration of this faculty would have been germane to Mr. Frierson's treatise because it was this which doomed naturalism to have so short a life. However carefully an author tried to remove himself from his books, the tone of his voice betrayed him—*le style c'est l'homme même*. The persistence of the sense of wonder in English fiction, the rejection of logic, and the distrust of rationalism made the naturalistic vogue inevitably short-lived; for in that theory there was an intellectual arrogance, a spiritual pride which could not survive beside the naive vanity and the genuine modesty of the English temperament in art, a temperament which we are always discovering, to our surprise and amusement and admiration, is essentially poetic.

CLASSIFIED

(*Continued from page* 2)

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

BOOKS-BY-MAIL

ANY BOOK EVER PRINTED. Current books at publisher's prices, rare books quoted promptly. Cash orders prepaid. Catalog free. LITERARY MART, 1650 Broadway, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MARY DOUGLAS, LITERARY ADVISER. Criticism, revision, ghost writing. Stories, novels, articles, theses, books. Wide experience, 610 West 114th Street, New York.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS. Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

JOHN MILLS, Director of Publication, Bell Telephone Laboratories, challenges my definition of the Tower of Babel as a scene of noise and confusion (DC 420 and W.N.I. pp. 197) in an extract dealing with Acoustics from his book "A Fugue in Cycles and Bels":

> The tower of Babel, of itself, was probably not a noisy place; nor was the city which was built around it. From the Biblical reports which have been handed down, it appears that the entire structure must have been poorly designed from the standpoint of acoustics. Its sun-baked bricks or tiles, would reflect sounds and give rise to conflicting and recurring echoes and reverberations. The acoustics seem to have been so bad that the inhabitants had serious difficulty in understanding each other. When one Shinarian tried to talk to another the ratio of direct to reverberant sound was probably too low at the ear of the listener. A low value to this ratio is . . . serious in conversation . . . (A Fugue in Cycles and Bels).

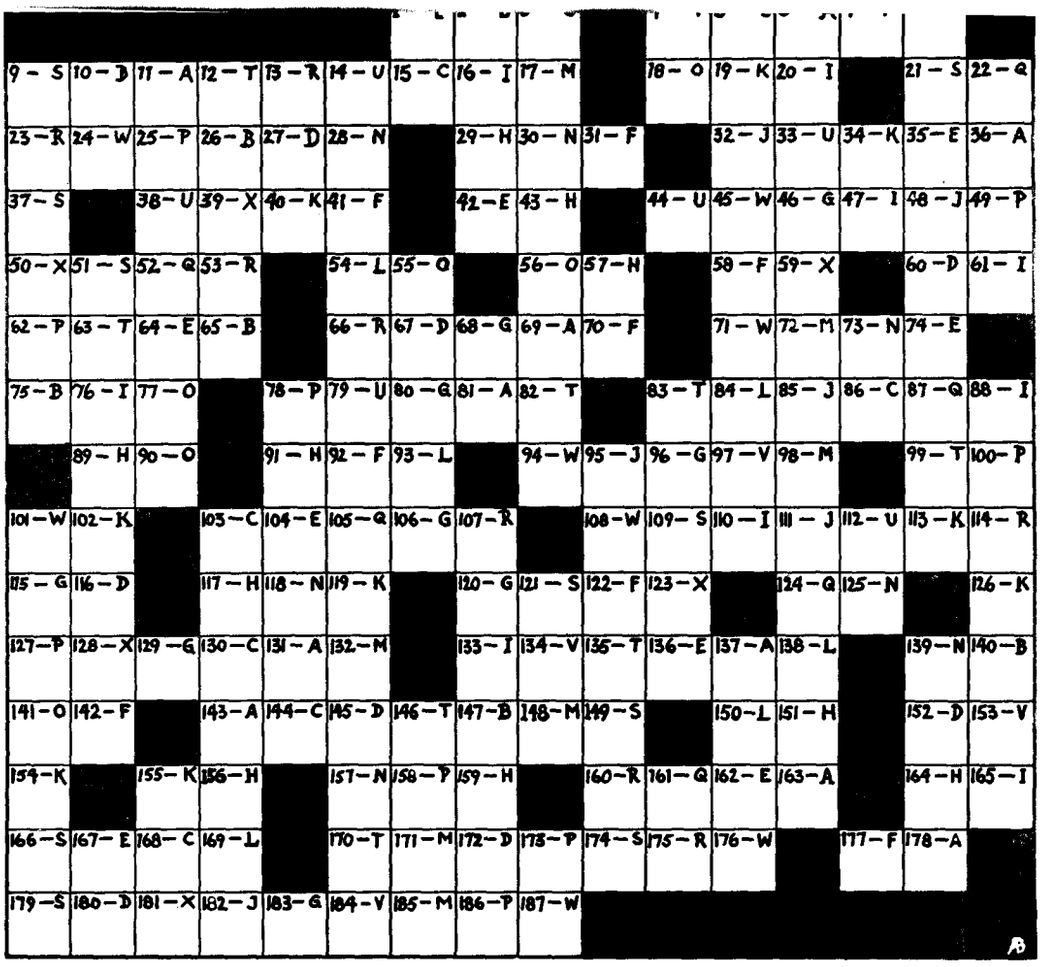
All very revealing, Mr. Mills, but isn't a low-studded room without sound absorbents and filled with diners a noisy place even though the fault may lie with the room and the dish-clatter and not with the diners?

Midshipman Leon Rogow, writing from N. Y., save that you haven't really mastered the solving of DCs until you can dispense with reference books. He owes his conquest to tutelage under Jack Steiner who hasn't succumbed in four years and has made a time-record at that. Young Leon naively continues:

> Incidentally, my training in Crostics has been of immense value to me in blinker, which is one of the things the Navy has invented to plague Midshipmen. I find that if I get a few letters of each word of the message I can generally dope out the rest of it. And if and when I get my commission on August 5th I can thank the Crostics for at least a little hunk of that stripe.

That's rather a new feather in our cap, thank you, Sir, but I'm inclined to think that puzzling must be native to this particular midshipman!

DC making cont'd: Barring upsetting changes I try to disguise the author's name in the more difficult words of the acrostic. Hence I suggest that for speed you experiment by beginning at the end. Concerning my choice of words, I've already written of my painful avoidance of scientific and dialect terms, and, I might add, local geography. I defend my interest in Mythology on the ground that it is a fascinating revelation of the childhood of a race and as such worth cultivating. E. S. K.



DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 433 By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Character in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

B. Star in *Ursa Major.*

C. Hero of a philosophical romance by Pater (1885).

D. A poem by Wordsworth (with *The;* in nine books).

E. A junior barrister in England (2 wds.)

F. Famous music critic of *N. Y. Tribune,* and author (1854-1923).

G. One who postpones or delays action (comp.)

H. A tender passage, style or mood (music).

I. Uplifts of part of the earth's crust, commonly with faulting (geol.)

J. Large, low horse trucks with flat, low-rimmed platforms.

K. Any unscientific device for locating minerals, water or petroleum.

L. East Indian tree yielding gums, oils, and timber *(sapotaceae).*

M. Evasive or trifling treatment or conduct.

N. North Wales.

O. A chief magistrate (Ancient Carthage).

P. A son of Gideon, King of Shechem (Bib.)

Q. Like a stone.

R. Capacity or facility of movement.

S. Famous mathematician of Syracuse *(Eureka;* 287-212 B.C.)

T. One of the perpetrators of an English plot to blow up Parliament (Nov. 5, 1605).

U. The sum and substance.

V. A promonotory; a cape.

W. To raze; destroy.

X. Conciliatory, pacific.

WORDS

143 6 11 137 36 178 131 163 81 69

147 65 26 140 75 2

130 144 86 15 168 103

10 180 145 60 67 116 172 152 27

162 1 64 136 167 35 42 104 74

70 142 31 92 58 177 122 41

46 115 183 120 68 96 129 80 106

117 156 43 159 91 29 164 57 151 89

133 110 16 76 20 47 165 88 61

48 95 5 32 85 111 182

119 155 19 102 40 154 126 113 34

54 169 138 150 84 93

171 72 7 132 17 185 148 98

28 73 139 118 125 157 30

55 141 90 18 77 56 3

49 25 100 173 62 78 127 186 158

22 87 52 124 161 105 8

160 114 66 13 175 23 107 53

174 9 21 121 51 109 179 37 166 149

4 12 82 63 170 99 146 135 83

33 44 14 38 79 112

153 184 97 134

71 187 24 45 101 108 176 94

181 50 59 123 39 128

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

ONE OF THE first things that Elmer Davis did after being sworn into his new office was to brace Bob Sherwood in his private lair. "I'm one of you boys now," he said, "and I want to know exactly where Shangri-la is." Sherwood looked him straight in the eye and declared solemnly, "I give you my word that not one of us here has the faintest idea ourselves'" *Somebody* must know! . . . One of the most sensible ideas we have heard in a long while, incidentally, is the proposal that Mr. Davis give a fifteen-minute broadcast every week over the three major networks that would be an official summary of the important news and an antidote for the fog and confusion caused by a myriad of hysterical pests who have convinced commercial sponsors that they have a secret pipeline to Hitler and 10 Downing Street. . . .

SOME OF OUR most important authors are toying with the thought of tossing their typewriters into the political arena this Fall. An attempt is being made to persuade Carl Sandburg to run for Congress against the blatant isolationist Clare Hoffman, and up Connecticut way, the cool and lovely Clare Boothe is also being urged to enter the Congressional campaign. Miss Boothe got her baptism of fire in the 1940 presidential fracas when fascinated bystanders began to wonder whether the contest involved F. D. R. and Willkie, or Clare Boothe and Dorothy Thompson. Speaking of Mr. Willkie, his election as Governor of New York would be the signal for the setting-up of Trade Winds copy in 18 point caps. . . .

WE HAVE learned with some amazement that George Antheil, former high priest of modernistic music, is now conducting a syndicated column of advice to the lovelorn in Hollywood. This is the most incredible transformation since Harold Stearns, brilliant young Harvard intellectual of the twenties, and author of a highly regarded treatise on American culture, suddenly bobbed up in Paris as "Peter Pickum" with a daily dope sheet on the horse races for the *Paris Tribune.* Antheil was first brought to America by the energetic Donald Friede, then a publishing partner of Horace Liveright, and now a successful literary agent on the Coast. The first Antheil concert packed Carnegie Hall and featured a number that was rendered on twenty-six pianos and four airplane motors. When the cacophony of sound was at its highest pitch, we remember whispering into our companion's ear a meek "Isn't this simply horrible!" A harridan in the row ahead of us turned angrily and snorted a W. C. Fieldsian "Quiet, Please!" If Donald Friede will tell us exactly how much he lost on his brief but giddy fling as impresario, we'll print the figures in this column in the interests of science . . . At the very time that Antheil's "Ballet Mechanique" was startling Paris, and Stearns was picking the day's winners at Longchamps for the *Tribune.* Bill Shirer, Elliot Paul, Jay Allen, and Ed Taylor were fellow reporters on the same fabulous sheet. One day Elliot Paul announced that he was ready to begin work on the Great American Novel and his confrères volunteered to give up their day off for a period of weeks so that Paul could devote his best efforts to the new book. For months thereafter Elliot only came to the office one day a week. "If this sheet was properly staffed" he grumbled one morning, "I wouldn't have to show up at all!" After a long stretch of this routine, Paul, who is a consummate actor, staggered into the *Tribune* office one morning clutching at his heart and stammering that he had left the finished manuscript on a bus on the Boulevard Raspail. To this day nobody knows whether there ever was a manuscript at all; certainly the French police could find no trace of one.

When Stearns saw how gullible the staff was, he suddenly announced that somebody had given him a horse named Etoile Vert, and made frequent collections to help feed and stable him. The whole American colony was primed to back Etoile Vert in his first race and didn't discover until the very morning of the event that there had never been an Etoile Vert. Peter Pickum announced laconically that this horse had died of excitement in his stall the night before.

The staffs of both the *Paris Herald* and *Tribune* during those lush years of the twenties were populated by a score of talented authors who are today our most famous foreign correspondents and creators of some of our greatest best sellers. Three young men seated at adjoining desks in a comparatively tiny city room were destined to write "A Berlin Diary," "The Strategy of Terror," and "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Around the corner was the office of the Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News.* His name was John Gunther. Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Whit Burnett, and Morley Callaghan were on the Left Bank. This was the Paris that Americans remember and hope some day to see again. . . .

THE SALE of foreign language primers is assuming boom proportions. Dutton has printed a large new edition of Anna Semenoff's "A New Russian Grammar." Francisco Ibarra's "Pan-American Spanish Self-Taught" has enjoyed huge success, and he will follow it up next season with a similar elementary text on Portuguese. A large class organized on the Pacific Coast under government auspices to master a smattering of Japanese in the shortest possible time was dismayed to learn, however, that there is not a text on elementary Japanese in existence. The class is making one up as it goes along. Alas, for all the long hours at college that we spent struggling over French and German! . . . Suggested alternate title for "Washington Is Like That": "Down by the Old Maelstrom" . . . This week's enlistments include Eugene Reynal in the Navy and Maitland Edey in the Air Corps. . . . Jim Nelson, formerly of the *Review,* is now with NBC. . . .

JOHN STEINBECK'S new book will be called "Bombs Aweigh," It is the story of his current tour of all the air training camps, and will be published by Viking in the Fall. Steinbeck and Viking, not to mention his agents, McIntosh and Otis and Twentieth Century-Fox, who will make the film version, will donate the profits to the United States Army Air Aid. . . . Christopher Morley's new novel, "Thorofare," will appear this fall under the Harcourt, Brace imprint, a move that was more or less anticipated when his brother Frank joined the Harcourt editorial forces some months ago. Another forthcoming Harcourt book is William Saroyan's first full-length novel, "A Human Comedy." We are glad to hear that Bill is doing a little serious work in addition to his endless chain of whimsical communications to editors and drama critics. These letters used to be very funny and refreshing, but the novelty palled long ago. The intemperate and insistent ballyhoo of George Jean Nathan puffed our Bill up to the size of a Macy Thanksgiving Day balloon. We will all love him better again when he's cut down to his normal proportions. . . . Every day's headlines seem to increase the importance of Major de Seversky's "Victory through Air Power." If you have time to read only one book in the next month or so, this should certainly be your choice! . . . .

BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED